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YOUNG LADIES, ATTENTION!

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WALDORF H. PHILLIPS.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Wanted, a wife! (of bach'lor life
Your most humble servant is tired,
And wants some one to share in his bed and his fare)
These qualifications required:

Beauty.—I can't do without beauty,
For beauty, you know, rhymes with *duty*—
But, there, we won't fight about that,
Provided she's passable looking,
And not given over to croaking,
And neither too thin or too fat.

Temper.—I'm not too fond of Miss Meekness,
With the submissive look, so forgiving,
Who is wholly compounded of weakness,
And who succumbs to ev'ry one living;
And while I really don't *care for a shrew*,
Yet, if you've *sense*, I'm afraid you won't *do*.

Then, young ladies, you must understand
That whoever would win my hand,
Must have a face and figure *her own*;
No "*made up*" is wanted, you know,
For my wife's not desired for show
But for use—not for *beauty* alone.

Then, my wife, she also must know
How to cook, to make beds, and to sew;
And have a *heart*, as well as a soul.
She must always look tidy and neat,
Be prudent, sincere and discreet,
And of her *tongue must have some control*.

In fact, she must be able to perform all the functions of a good housewife, in case of necessity; must be sensible and not given to gossip and scandal; must be useful and ornamental both; her tongue must not be always on the "go" (nor must she) at a rate of speed beyond the power of electricity to equal; and, then, lastly,

Though no great objection is made
To a handsome sister-in-law,
Of "mother-in-law" I'm afraid,
And don't care for father-in-law."
So my wife an orphan must be,
(As I only want to marry her and not get in the same scrape as Jones, who, in marrying her, found that he
Had married the whole family).

A HORRIBLE DREAM REALIZED.

A TELEGRAPHIST'S STORY.

"And must you really go away and remain all night in that nasty old box of yours, and leave your Little Rosebud, as you call her, all alone here, to imagine all sorts of horrid things happening to her poor old boy? Couldn't you stay at home just for this one night?"

"Couldn't possibly do it, my love," said I, struggling into my greatcoat, and possessing myself at the same time of my big driving-gloves, which my little wife was absently trying to fit on her own little hands.

"Not if I very much wished it, Willie? Do you know I felt *so* strange and lonely last night when you were away, that I could hardly make up mind to go to bed at all, and to-night I can scarcely bear the thought that you should be so long absent. You know what a timid, foolish little thing I am."

Her arm quietly stole around me, and she looked up to my face with a wistful, anxious look, while a tear stood glistening in the corners of her sweet blue eyes.

"Why, you wee goose," said I, kissing away the bright token of her earnestness, "what has put such absurd thoughts into that wise noddle of yours? Are you afraid that the fairies will waylay me and spirit me away to their elfin land? If they do, I shall tell them that I have left a fairy at home, and not even the blandishments of the queen herself shall tempt me into their uncanny country. But seriously, Maggie, there is nothing to be alarmed about. I shall be home by seven o'clock, at the latest; but since you are so earnest, I will call at father's as I pass, and send up my brother Bob to keep you company and stay in the house all night. Will that content you, little woman.

"No; don't do that; it would look foolish, and Bob would only laugh at me when he came. He does not understand me. I think no one does understand me—except you, dear Will."

"Thank you, Mag; I think I do understand you. But here comes the gig; so good-bye, and don't fret for the short time I am away. I shall be back long before you have done dreaming." So saying, I mounted the gig and drove rapidly along the frozen road. But my wife lingered by the porch, following me with her eyes; and so long as the house was in sight, I could, on looking back, see her white dress shimmering ghost-like in the light which streamed through the open door.

At the time of which I write I was telegraph superintendent on the Milton and Longbank line of railway. One of the clerks, who was on night duty, had been taken suddenly ill, and being unable to find a suitable substitute, I had taken his work myself until such time as he should recover. I had only been married a few months, and was by no means reconciled to the necessity of leaving my wife and home to pass the night in that "nasty old box," as Mag. called it—and she was perfectly correct in her description. But I knew that it was a necessity, and I knew likewise that no grumbling of mine could mend the matter.

A drive of about eight miles brought me to my post. There was nothing very extraordinary in the duty to which I had been called away, nor was it any new experience to me; but on that night my mind was filled with vague, indefinable fears, for which I tried in vain to account. The night was clear and windless, and I saw in the northwestern sky the aurora borealis was flitting to and fro in a thousand strange, fantastic shapes. As I watched the shifting and quivering gleams, now shooting in rapid succession from one luminous centre, and anon spreading and rolling wave after wave across the starry heavens, I began to think of the disastrous omens of war, plague and famine, which in olden times men drew from such sights. Somewhat in the same emotion I felt in my own mind, and reason as I would, I felt it impossible to shake off the growing sense of uneasiness and gloom which had taken possession of me. On entering the telegraph station, the clerk whom I had come to relieve was ready to depart.

"You won't have much work to-night, sir," said he. "The instruments are quite unworkable; no signals have been received for the last three hours. Good night."

When I was left alone I found that it was as he had said. The electric currents, which are developed in the atmosphere during most meteorological changes, had rendered the wires quite useless; and although the needles swayed ceaselessly backwards and forwards, they made no sign which the wisdom of man could interpret. Seeing that my office was likely to be a sinecure, I drew my chair to the stove, and taking down a book which I had noticed on a shelf, I tried to interest myself in the story. The volume which I had discovered was Jane Eyre; and although, since that time, I have read, with tears and laughter, it and the other works which came from the same true and loving pen, yet on that night the spell of her who is so powerful to awaken our interest and enlist our sympathy—who has given us Black Rochester, and the haughty Mary Stuart, and gentle Mary Shirley, and the bold Robb Shirley, and quaint Bobbie, who chronicled with no unkindly hand the vagaries of the three eccentric curates, and won our hearts for Professor Emmanuel Carl Paul—had no power to quiet my wild, wandering thoughts. While I was turning listlessly over the leaves the stillness was startled by the sharp, quick clanging of the electric bell, the usual signal to prepare to read off a message. With a shiver of alarm I turned quickly to the instrument, but soon perceived that that bell had been rung by no earthly power, for the vibrating needles made no intelligible sign, and I knew that the sound had been produced by a current of atmospheric electricity acting upon the wires.

Smiling at the nervousness which caused me to start at so ordinary an occurrence, I turned from my desk, and again sat down by the fire. But smile as I would, and reason as I might, I felt that I was fast succumbing to vague, foundationless fears. Thinking that the atmosphere of the room, which I felt close and hot, might have something to do with my peculiar condition of mind, I flung open the door and stepped outside, in the hope that the cool air might scare away the phantoms of my brain. As I crossed the threshold, the midnight express crashed past with a speed and force which shook every timber of the building, and uttering a loud shriek, disappeared into the tunnel at the end of the steep gradient, on the summit of which my station was placed. When it had gone there was stillness, stillness broken—if I can call it broken—only by the peculiar sighing of the air passing along the wires, which is heard even in the calmest of nights. I stood and listened to the strange, melancholy, Æolian-harp-like sound, now so faint as to be almost inaudible, and anon swelling into a wild, low wailing. I looked up, and saw Orion and the Pleiades, and thought how often on nights, not long ago, when I had watched for Maggie in the wood, I had gazed up through the tall, sombre pines, and watched their trembling fires. From that my mind reverted to the earnestness with which my wife had asked me to remain at home that night, and the unusual pensiveness of her manner when she bade me good-bye. What could be the meaning of it all? As a general rule, I had a most profound disbelief in omens, presentiments, and all sorts of superstition; but in spite of it, I felt that I would have given a good deal, at that time, to be transported just for one minute to my home, to see whether all was well there. I might have called up my assistant, who lodged in a farm-house near by for that purpose, and gone home; but, as I could give no good reason for going away, I resolved to stay where I was, and get through the night as best I could. "If this goes on," said I to myself, as I turned inside again, and poked up the coals with rather more noise and vigor than was absolutely necessary—"if this goes on much longer, I shall have to consult a doctor, that's plain;" for I knew that the causeless apprehensions which I experienced were often only the symptom of an unsound state of bodily health. I filled my pipe and lit it, but the weed had lost its usual tranquilizing power. As the wreaths curled slowly upwards, I saw my wife's face looking at me fearfully as when I had left her. Again the bell rang sharply; but, as before, no intelligible sign was made by the needles. I leaned my elbows on the desk, and with my head between my hands, watched their unending motions. An hour might have passed thus, when once more I was startled by the clang of the bell. This time it was louder and more urgent, and, it seemed to me, though perhaps I may err here, with a peculiar unearthly sound, such as I had never heard before. I am utterly unable to tell in what manner the impression was produced, but it seemed as if there mingled with the metallic ring the tone of a human voice—and it was the voice of one I knew. The needles, I now observed, began to make signs which I understood; and slowly, as if some novice were working the instrument, the letters "c-o-m-e" were signalled. No sooner had I read off the final "e," than, to my amazement and terror, I distinctly saw the handle of my instrument, although I was not touching it at the time, as if grasped by some invisible hand, move rapidly and make the signal "understood," which the receiver of a message transmits at the end of every word.

A cold thrill ran through me, and I felt as if every drop of blood were leaving my heart. Could I have been the subject of an optical delusion? I knew that such was not the case, for I had plainly heard the quick click of the handle as it turned; and now I could perceive that another word was being slowly spelt out. But so bewildered and terrified was I, that I failed to catch the signs. Again my handle moved, and this time made the signal, "Not understood." With an overwhelming feeling of awe, I watched the dials intently, while the letters were again signalled, and this time I read "h-o-m-e." Then there was a cessation of all motion for a second or two, and once more the needles resumed their incoherent vibrations. I stood petrified with fear and amazement, half-believing that I was in a dream, for reason refused to accept the evidence of sense. Could that be a message for me? If so, whence came it? What hand had sent it? Could it be that some power higher than that of nature thus warned me of impending danger? Should I obey the summons?

While I thus deliberated the bell again sounded with a clangor still more loud, imperious, and unearthly, and after a few uncertain movements, the magnets repeated the words, "Come home—come home!" the handles moving as before. I could remain at my post no longer. Come what might, I felt that I had no alternative but to obey. I ran to the house where the clerk lived, and on rousing the inmates, a wild, galloping sensation, told him that he must take my place immediately, as I had been suddenly called away. The man seemed somewhat surprised at my excited and startled manner, but what he said or did I cannot recollect. On entering the stable where my horse was stalled I perceived a saddle hanging on the wall, and, knowing that I could get over the ground more swiftly riding than driving, I threw it on his back, and in a minute or two was dashing along the road in the direction of home. I shall never forget that ride. Although I urged my horse with whip and voice until he flew rather than galloped, the pace was far too slow for my excited mind. Woods, bridges with the moonlit streams wimpling beneath them, farm houses, where the deep voiced watch dogs were wakened by the loud beat of hoofs, shot past me like things in a dream; and at last, breathless and panting, we clattered into the long causewayed street of the village near which I lived. All was dark and silent in the houses, and the windows seemed to stare blank and vacantly in the white moonlight. Suddenly a horse and rider appeared at the other end of the street, and a hoarse voice uttered a loud cry, "Fire!" At the same instant the church bell was rung violently, and at once, as if by a common impulse, the whole village started into life. Lights appeared in the houses, and a hundred windows were dashed quickly up. I saw white figures standing at them, and heard voices cry, "Where?" Checking my horse with a jerk, which threw him on his haunches, I listened for the reply:—"Craigside House!"

Great heavens! my worst fears were realized. It was my own home. I choked down the agony which almost forced a cry, and, pressing onward with redoubled speed, soon arrived at the scene of the fire. The house was a large, old one, and when I reached it smoke was issuing in thick, murky volumes from the windows of the second flat, while fierce tongues of flame were already leaping along the roof. A crowd of men were hurrying confusedly about with buckets and pails of water. In the centre of a group of women I found our maid, Mary, stretched on the grass in a swoon. "My wife!" I exclaimed as I rushed forward, "where is she?" "God knows, sir," said one of the men; "we have twice tried to reach the second flat, but were each time driven back by the smoke and fire." Without uttering a word I entered the house and ran along the lobby. The stair, fortunately, was built of stone, but the woodwork on each side was one mass of blazing and crackling flame. Before I had taken three steps I fell back, blinded, fainting and half suffocated with the smoke. Two men who had followed me caught me in their arms and tried to restrain me by force from endeavoring to ascend again. "Don't attempt it," they said; "you will only lose your own life, and can't save hers." "Let go, you cowards!" I cried, as soon as I could speak, and, with the strength of madness, dashed them aside. I rushed up the stairs, and this time succeeded in reaching the first landing in safety. The room which we used as our bed-chamber led off a small parlor which was situated on this flat. Groping my way through the smoke, I found the door, but, to my horror, it was locked! I dashed myself against it again and again, but it resisted all my efforts. To return as I had come was now impossible, and I knew that the only hope of saving even my own life was to go forward. Despair gave me strength, and, lifting my foot, I struck it violently against one of the lower panels of the door. It yielded a little. Another blow and it was driven in. I crept through the opening, but so thick was the smoke in the parlor that I could distinguish nothing. "Maggie, Maggie!" I shrieked, "where are you?" but no answer was returned. Crossing the parlor, I gained our bedroom door. To my joy it was open, and stretched on the floor I found the apparently lifeless form of my wife. I bent over her, and on placing my hand on her heart, I found that it was still beating. I lifted her very tenderly and gently, and carried her in my arms to the window, which I broke open. Of what followed I am only dimly conscious; I have a confused remembrance of men bringing a ladder, and strong arms helping us down and the people cheering; but it is all very vague and indistinct. My next recollection is that of finding myself in my father's house, all bruised and weak, but with my own wife bending over me and sending me with loving hands. We had been burned out of house and home. Fortunately everything was insured: but even had it not been so, I had been content so long as she was spared to me.

On the evening of the next day, when the short winter twilight was fast closing round, and the first snow flakes were falling, Maggie drew a little stool close to the couch on which I lay, thinking over the strange events which I have related. I had said nothing to anybody regarding the warning which I had so mysteriously received, and when questioned as to what caused me to return so opportunely, had always made some evasive answer, for I feared that the reality would never have obtained belief.

"Willie," said the soft, low voice of my wife, "if you had not come home"—

"Hush, my darling. Don't talk like that, for I can't bear even to think of it."

"But it might have been. And do you know, Willie, I had such a strange dream on that awful night?"

"A dream, Maggie? Tell me what it was."

"You remember," said she, drawing closer to me, "the evening you took Mary and me into the telegraph office and told us all about the batteries and magnets and electricity, and a great many things which we couldn't understand at all, though we pretended to do so, lest you should think us stupid?"

"Perfectly."

"And you remember, too, how, when I said that I should like to send a message with my own hands, you made me take hold of the handle and then you guided it, while I sent a message to your brother Robert, who was in the office at Lowesoft then? And the end of it was:—"Come home—come home" which I repeated over and over again until I could do it quite well without your help."

I turned quickly round, but she was gazing intently at the fire and did not perceive the startled look I gave her.

"Well," she continued, "the night before last, when you were away, I could not sleep for a long time after I went to bed, and when I did sleep I dreamed—such a horrible dream! I thought that I was in your office again, and I had fled there because I was chased by some terrible thing. I did not know what it was, but it was close behind me, and I thought nobody could save me but you. But you were not there, and so I seized the handle and signed the words:—"Come home—come home!" as you had taught me, thinking that would be sure to bring you. And then you did not come. I felt its hot breath on my neck, as if it were just going to clutch me in its dreadful arms, and I screamed so loud that I awoke. The room was all dark, and filled with smoke so thick that, when I jumped up, I fainted for want of air. And, O Willie, if you had not come just when you did I might"—

"There, Maggie; don't let us think of what might have been, but rather let us be thankful that we are spared to each other still."

SCRAPS.

SERVED UP FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY PHIL. H. MOWREY.

"CAN YOU tell me where I can get a good pair of shoes?" inquired a man of a colored boy. "Yes, sar, in de shoo sto', I spec."

"IS YOUR master engaged?" inquired a gentleman of a servant. "No, sir, he's married."

POEM ON HORRACE.

BY AN X POLLITITION.

If horrace gets to be our pres I'l eat a big mince pie—
Swallow a jug of tangle-foot, then go lay down and die;
But if he don't get to be pres I'l do myself no harm.
But go and ask him to tell me what he knows about the farm.

A GENTLEMAN by the name of Seymour met a friend on Broadway, accompanied by a young lady. "Ah, how do you do?" inquired his friend; then, turning to the young lady, he said:—"Miss Brown, this is Mr. Seymour." "Happy to form your acquaintance," replied she; "hope I shall see more—Seymour—of you."

MY DREAM.

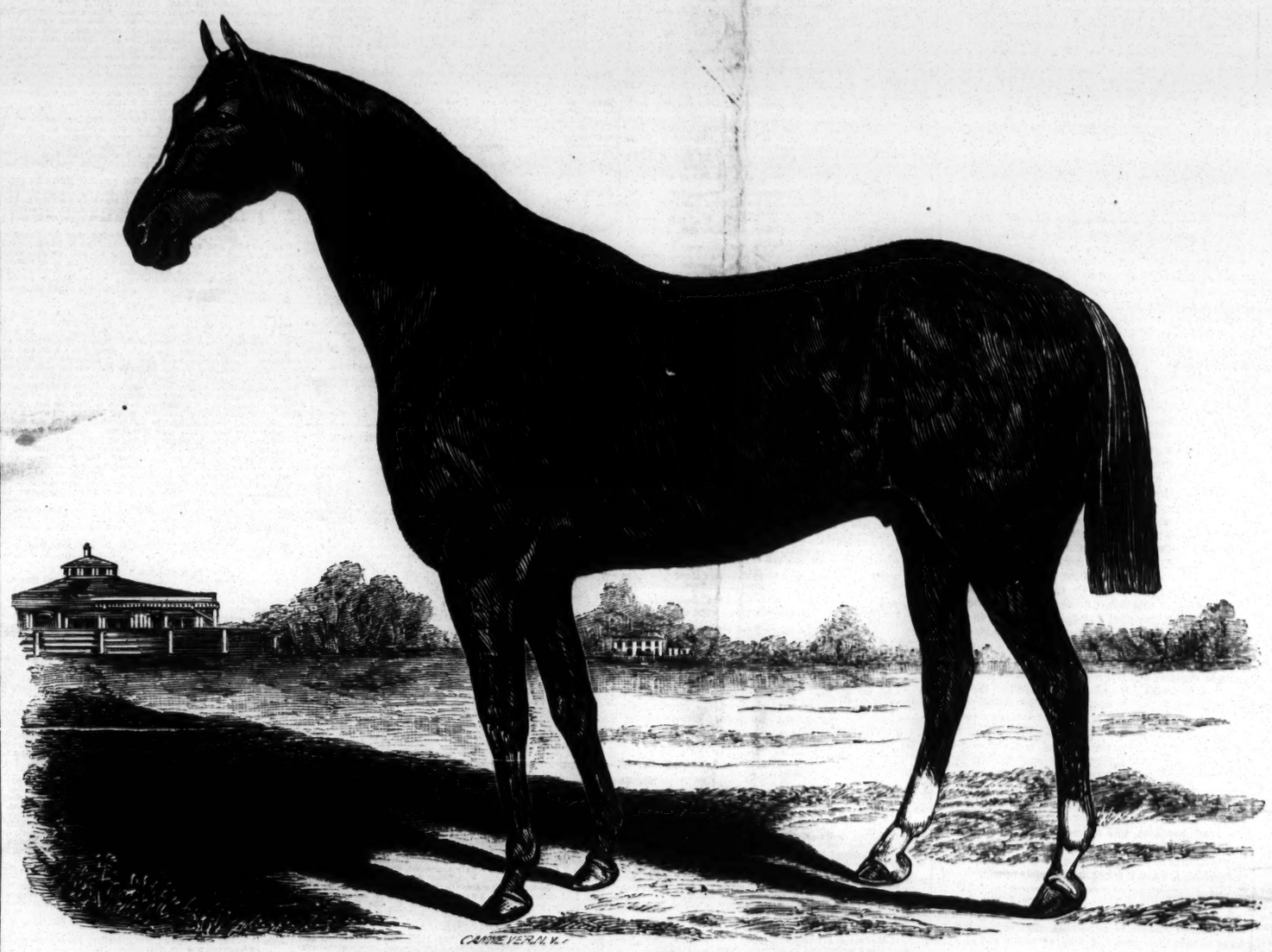
BY A DAB-WINITE.

I dreamt I was a codfish, I dreamt I was a whale—
I dreamt I was a Thomas-cat, and had a big long tail;
I dreamt I was a porpoise, a hog and kangaroo;
But when I dreamt I was a mule, think I, my dream is true.

A GERMAN by the name of Hans Vonderhoffenblitzenburgerbutzenbusterbutteibergerbiffen was met by an Irishman, who inquired:—"Whare air yez going to, Dutchey?" "Going to mind my own pissiness, aint id?"

A BOY was caught taking an apple from a gentleman's basket, which he had left standing outside while he went in the store. "See here," cried the gent, "don't let me see you doing that again." "No, sir," replied the boy; but no sooner was the gent's back turned than the boy took another one. The gent's attention being called to it, he rushed out and collared the boy, saying:—"Didn't I tell you not to do that again?" "No, sir," replied the boy, "you said not to let you see me do it, an' I didn't—I took it when your back was turned."

"WHAT KIND of a building is that?" inquired a stranger of a newsboy, pointing at the new Masonic temple at Philadelphia. "Stone building, you fool."



HARRY BASSETT, the Famous American Race Horse.

For a report of his victories at Saratoga, and history of his career, see elsewhere in this issue of the CLIPPER.

THE AFTER LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY LOU. J. BEAUCHAMP.

Shall we know each other when we have crossed
The sea of death and reached the strand,
And when we leave the boat wave tossed,
Shall we meet on the better land?
For what of joy, or peace, or rest,
Can we experience if we miss
The friends on earth we love the best,
And lose in that world friends of this?

Some say we make our friends anew
In that bright realm above the skies,
But I aver and think it true,
That form and look, not friendship, dies;
And when our earthly cares are done,
And o'er it sea we reach the shore,
Our loved will meet us one by one,
And lead us to the pearly door
Through which we'll pass, and with our loved
Recross those portals never more.

So deem it not so strange if I
Should wish to leave this world of woe,
To journey far beyond the sky
And meet the friends I used to know.
For friendship grows warm as years grow old,
And those in youth we loved so well
Have long since reached the heavenly fold
Whose glories none return to tell.

Dayton, Ohio, 1872.

UNCLE SCHNEIDER'S COUNTRY LETTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MARK QUENCHER.

AVAY Oud, in IND, July at 12tad, 1872.

Before I begin myself to dold you boud my exberiences, I vood like to dold you "brifade und much fery confidenshil" (vich is der vay a feller doids you a ding ven he vishes eferypoddy to know id), dot der great grand objections of life py a gountry farm houses vas dot id vas impossible to scood across der shdreet for a qvied glasses of lager. Dot vas blayed out in der goundry, und vas so foolish, like going across der shdreet to got some beer vhen you vas py a shib mit der oceans oud. Id vas von of dhose dings vat vas got imbossibilities py dot, like shbeakin sassy py a boilcemans, or gittin insulded ad a feller vat vas dwice so headier as u, or any oder dings. So much for dot. Der dradeal morning vat I vaked up by der gountry, I made me ub some shdrong minda dot I mused dook all der advantages vat vas py der gountry, und "make of id der mosd of dhem," as Badrick Henry, dot feller mit dwo fired-names und no behindt-name, said to — to — somepody—spout — spout someding — somedimedimes. (You needend dink I *don't* know vat dot feller said apout, und all apout id; und I vas choosed a leedle careless somedimes for a changes. Old Schneider likes to "shlop ofer" somedimes as vell as der read of dhem.)

Vell, I vas delling you dot I resolfed to "go in der lemons" in der vay of exercises.

So der fird morning I vaiked me ondside ad a exdremely orful early dime of der glock, und shdarded ond on a fife mile valk pefore prakefast.

Uf you dake py your gonsiderations der faeds dot for der baad goot many years I vas nefer go oud pefore prakefast, excebd to get me a "obener of my eye," you cood saw how earnesdness I vas got, to go for dot leedle fife miles dramp.

Vell, I sdarded ond, and dhrowed my cheads ondside of my shoulders, und shdanded ub shdraight like der doose, und scoobed in all der shnoodsfull of dot vonderful gountry air, var you heard so mudch apout, und I done me eferyding vat dot doctor dold me, und dried to made myself pelief how much good bedder I feeled myself to got ub so gwick enuf, und to drob on my leedle reckular "obener of my eye."

I scooped in eferydings, und got admiradions py eferydings choosd as der pooks shbeaks about. Vhen I saw a moundains, I eggsclaimed mit myself mit boedical feelings:—"Oh! how much mackinficences was dot moundains. I guess id must been booty heafy." You must excuse me uf my oxbressions vas'nt exadly as romandic as vat dhey might be.

Vhen I saw me a leedle prook, rolling avay mit idself, I said:—"Oh! how innocend vas dot leedle shdreams. Oh! how pooty to vash in your feeds und!"

Aldo I dried to got admiradions ad eferyding vat vas in der gountry bizzness, dhere vas von dings vat I didn'd iaff me more as a quar of dears from my eyes und nose oud, laffing myself quendy vhenefer I saw dot shdood-meiongolly-contented face vich dhem goundry gows vas got py dhem, den I hobe I may nefer lose anoder pind of shnabbe py my dhroat down!

Uf all der mosd exdremely soper faces vat vas around, dot faces of dot gows has been "my ofer" anyding in der vay of respectability. I dink id vas a impossibleness dot dot faces cood make a laf.

Der only ding vat I cood say py der favor vas dot dhey vas successful chewers, und uf dhey chewed dobagger inshdead of dot foolish grass der dobagger bizzness vood got in a much flourishinger (dotmeans bully) condition.

Vell, to come pack to my bromenade bizzness. Der first mile—no, bond quarder of a miles, I dink—I feeled bootyoot. Dot is, I dink I did. Alder dot I beginned to feel doubtful vedder I did feeled so goot. Und vhen dher dampness vas coom py my neck und I vas hear a rumpling py my shdomacks inside of, I vas got dinking bout id.

Bond vas! Vell, bond goot many somedings. For indance, my eyes of my head vandered off bond subbie hundred miles to dot familiar blaces where "old Dimes Boegs" used to manufacture dot "obeners of my eye."

I could saw dot feller choosd so blain as neier vas, shbilling in dhose jentle dings vat obens oud your eye, und I vas seen to feel bad dinkin boud id. Und der more I dinked of id, der more vas I seen to feit bad. Und ad last I durned myself packvards dowards der leedle lew houses vat vas galled "der fiiage."

On dot redurn vaik, my mind was bizzy, choosd so like id vas vhen I shdarded out. Bud mid differend doughts. Der qveadion vat made achitations py my mind vas, "I vonder me uf dhere vas a leedle liggor manufacdories in dot leedle fiiage. I bet me dwo cents dhere vas."

Filled mid dis, I endred myself "der fiiage" und schquinted around. Ah! ha! here vas a sign, vat vas boedry. "Coom in here, und got some beer, und oder drinks vat vas fancy." Hooray! my resolidions vas shkip off. I vaiked in. "Vas you got some obener by der eye?" "I baed you." "Vat size?" "Sizes of a bourbons vot vas sour!" "Goot enuff for high." * * * A valk in der gountry pefore prakefast vas builty!

Yours, quide lively, UNCLE SCHNEIDER.

"CINCINNATI" UNVEILED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Cincinnati is called the "Queen city," but whether it is so called out of compliment to the editor of the CLIPPER or because it has so many *Queens* among its fair population, is "one of them things that no fellow can find out." Cincinnati is also called Porkopolis. But what of that? "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and so would a slaughter house, of which there are several in Cincinnati. It is a pious place, is Cincinnati. Besides being the birthplace of Mr. Cincinnatus, a celebrated farmer, Cincinnati is also the residence of "Old John Robinson," a noted revivalist. It was my first Sunday in Cincinnati of which I would now speak, and in the evening I started out to observe the beauties of nature, and such other beauties as the city might afford, not forgetting to attend to my regular Sabbath evening devotions.

I had traveled but a short distance when the sound of music greeted my ear, and thinking that religious exercises were being held within, I entered. It was communion day; at least I think it was, for I found, upon entering, a large company of worshippers, each with a flagon, from which they occasionally quaffed. The odious distinction of sex was not tolerated in this congregation, which must have numbered at least five hundred; but men and women communed upon the best of terms, and I betought me of Horace Greeley's remark, that "the lion and the lamb shall lie down together." I think so too. I am not much of a musician, but I could not detect "Old Hundred," "Dundee" or "Coronation" among the tunes played by the "choir."

The sacred music of Cincinnati is very much faster than that of Boston, although Boston "time is faster than that of Cincinnati." I hardly believe that bluff old Miles Standish would have recognized any of his favorite airs, they played them so fast. And the faster they played the more the congregation communed. A number of active young gentlemen, clothed in white aprons, in token, I presume, of their purity, passed around through the audience every few minutes, taking up a collection, and occasionally hailing:—"Swi'p, sir, Ein Kliner," after which there would be further communion. But after all there is an air of exclusiveness about Cincinnati that pervades even its religious bodies, for I noticed, as I passed out, a sign which read: "For ladies only." Now, why this exclusiveness? I am in favor of universal suffrage and universal amnesty, besides free passes to shows, but this exclusiveness on the part of Cincinnati I object to. If that is a part of the Cincinnati platform, count me for Grant.

The congregation were well up in the classics, for I heard one fascinating young lady observe to another:—"Nixy weeden," and she did; and to another:—"Stash it," and she "stashed." I am not a scholar, nor one of your cute sort, as Mace Sioper would say, but these observations impressed me. I knew that those young ladies were of the F. F.'s of Cincinnati, and I once more "communed." With all its advantages, Cincinnati is an unhealthy place, especially for hogs. A great many die here annually, many of them by violence. Kentucky is near Cincinnati, and in the days of slavery, the "slave oligarchy" ran a river between Kentucky and Ohio, in order to keep their niggers from running away. Several attempts have been made to dam this stream, but they have generally been dam fizzles. Horace Greeley was engaged to undertake the job, but he gave it up, and now takes in wood to chop at Chappaqua.

After all, I rather like Cincinnati, and so does "Gris." Gris lives here and lets on that he is the "fat" contributor, but the compositors say that his "take" aint fat at all. I didn't see any fat in his takes either. But I am invited to "Coifax," a happy way they have here of designating a pleasing custom which Shakespeare, in his ignorance, said, "is more honored in the breach than the observance," hence I must close. Perhaps some time I may write you something about Cincinnati.

HICKORY TWIG.

TOO MUCH IN A HURRY.—"Tom, a word with you."—"Be quick then, I'm in a hurry."—"What did you give your sick horse t'other day?"—"A pint of turpentine." John hurries home, and administers the same dose to his favorite charger, which dies in half an hour. His opinion of John's veterinary ability is somewhat staggered. He meets him the next day. "Well, Tom, I gave my horse a pint of turpentine, and it killed it." "So it did mine."

BOIL IT DOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Whatever you have to say, my friend,
Whether witty, or grave, or gay,
Condense as much as ever you can,
And say it in the readiest way;
And whether you write of rural affairs
Or particular things in town—
Boil it down.

For if you go spluttering over a page,
When a couple of lines would do,
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
That the bread looks plainly through;
So when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make it quite sure of your wish, my friend—
Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let them be crisp and dry;
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again, and then—
Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long,
And the general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song;
So gather your wits in the smallest space,
If you'd win the author's crown,
And every time you write, my friend—
Boil it down.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A JOCKEY

I was well fed—plenty to eat, as they wanted us strong and healthy. Wages were ten dollars a month. Of course it wasn't exactly the kind of place, like a Sunday school. Horse, horse, was the only thing boys talked about, and the only reading was sporting papers. The greatest ambition was to win a race, and once we all went to the station only to see a boy, and a nigger at that, who had won a race somewhere down South. Haskins knew all about every horse that ever was born, and how we used to listen to him. You see, he had been in the business all his life, and he would spin us yarns of how he had won this race, or that handicap, and how every bone in his body had most been broken with falling over hurdles, when he rode horses for the Marquis of Hastings. Yes, that was the name of the English sport he used to work for. The boys wasn't exactly bad, you know, but goodness sakes, how they used to gamble. Yes, I gambled, too. It was bluff and euchre, and I guess every cent of my wages went that way. I've seen boys of twelve lose the shirt off their backs. Sunday, save a short spell in the morning of just walking the horses, used to be our general gambling day. Some of the jockeys were in training to be footists—that's pedestrians—and Sundays were their race days. One thing I didn't like was the sweating process. They used to put me in a room with slats in it, with the horses, two and three at a time, and wasn't it hot? Not only that, but it was mighty dangerous. The horses got kind of mad about it, and was kicking and plunging around promiscuous like. Me and the horses were getting cooked at the same time, like killing two ducks with the same stone. That was bad enough, but then again they would make me bury myself up to my neck in the manure pile; that was killing. Howsoever, I kept lively all the time, only there was one thing dead against me, I would keep a-growing—not taller like, but chunky. I got to be very fond of Sand-boy, and used to pet him. If any other boy abused him, it was a stand-up fight all around. You hear them novel books talk about a lover and his mistress—that's just the way I felt towards that horse. Some part of the training wasn't nice. On bad days, when it was too muddy or sloppy to take the course or the road, we used to ride in a ring like at a circus. Haskins would be in the middle with an awful big whip, and if any horse lagged he'd get it; sometimes it would come so sudden that a fellow's legs would be likely to be wrenched off by the hind horse a tearing past you; but as Sand-boy was mighty spry, we didn't often catch it. When spring came most all the horses were in good order; all of them but Sand-boy. Somehow he wouldn't fatten; maybe he was all spirit like and no body. I seed the trainer watch him and me steady. I kind of conceited one day that he wasn't quite up to his work; he kind of labored, though going like the wind; but when he came to the stable I couldn't stop his blowing, and that night he only nosed his feed. Some few days afterwards a parcel of ladies came on the training ground. They was very fine ladies, and came in style with the man who owned the horses, in a four-horse carriage. They went right straight to betting on us. Says one to me, a pointing to Sand-boy with her little umbrel, "Boy, I'm going to bet a dozen pair of gloves on you; mind you win and I'll make you a present." "Yes ma'am," says I; "I'll do my best." Just then I seed Haskins a talking to the boss. I heard him say, "Sand-boy, I'm sorry to say, ain't in his stride; I'm afeered there's something amiss with him; I ain't been able yet to bring him up to condition." Then turning to me, he says, "boy, try and win; don't push the horse too hard; if you feel him falling, ease him up right off; that horse of yours wants saving." It wasn't a regular race, you know, only a make believe; but I made up my mind to do the best I could to please that pretty lady. We were seven all together as started. There was only two horses in the whole lot that could hold a candle to Sand-boy. One was Alice, a dark bay mare, and Bugle, a great big roan. I knowed him, and then, again, the boy that rode him wasn't plucky; and—besides—(well, don't mind telling you,)—because it wasn't a real race—that boy owed me $2, and I promised to let him off, providing he let me pass him. Well, the horses was all on the jump, and I was on the inside, which was to my advantage; Alice was next to me. Off we started. At the first quarter we held well together, Bugle just drawing a little ahead, and Alice even with me. Just past the quarter the other horses was left tailing behind. It was a race now between us three, with Alice now working ahead as much as a half length, with Bugle alongside of me. Sand-boy seemed to me to be going free, and as if he liked the tune of it. I passed Bugle easy enough; I could have done it easy, without the two dollars, but I didn't want to press my horse. Alice, in the meantime, was a clipping it. I now pushed Sand-boy, and he answered straight, and I soon collared Alice, and now we went on it nip and tuck. Once or twice as we neared the third quarter I kind of thought Sand-boy was giving in, but he kind of rallied. I was now square alongside of the mare and mad enough to have killed the boy who was astride of her. It was a real game struggle. I chirruped and clucked to my horse, who seemed to gain courage, and now I felt I was gaining an inch at the time. My teeth was hard set now, and I had given up hollowing. Just then I heard the ladies shout, and I knowed I was in first—if only by half a head. "Good boy," said the lady as she handed me a five-dollar bill. "Well ridden, youngster," said the boss. But somehow or other I couldn't shook his head, and said to me as I was stripping off the saddle, "if ever you was kearful of an 'oss, take kear of that one now."

I was mighty careful, and got him well rubbed down, but I observed he was kind of nervous, and kept a sweating a long time, and wouldn't dry properly. Well, this has been a pretty long story. The end of it was that Sand-boy never was on his oats square again after that little race. Next day he was down on his back, and the day after that his four hoofs was up in the air. Cried? I guess I did; cried myself blind over him. There never was such a horse, and never will be again. This loss kind of took the heart out of me. The week after we buried him the boss came on the ground. "Boy," says he, "we will have to discharge you." "Why?" says I. "Because," says he, "though you have no fault to find with you, you're growing too fat and too heavy by far for a jockey, and now your mount is dead we ain't got no further use for you." You see grieving for Sand-boy hadn't reduced me in flesh. That's all I have to tell you about how I was a jockey. I ain't ridden a horse since that time, and never intend to.

MOSQUITO BAY.—A VERY HORRIBLE STORY.—A French paper publishes a thoroughly horrible story, the scene of which is laid in the "English island of Mosquito Bay." The western coast of this island is inhabited by negro fishermen, who remain in retirement except at two periods of the year, when they visit the eastern coast to make purchases, and to misconduct themselves generally. On the last occasion of their making one of those periodical excursions they resolved to organize a dance of the most terrible character, on an unusually large scale, and, in order to provide themselves with a sufficient number of partners, they carried off all the young women they could find on the eastern side of the island. These were, on arriving at the western coast, compelled to take their part in the dance. Overcome by terror and fatigue, they fainted one by one, and, as each dropped down, she was removed by order of the chief of the band. At last the most robust of the captives alone kept the floor. "You are my queen," said the chief, addressing her, "and we will celebrate our betrothal in a manner worthy of ourselves. Illuminate!" howled the savage. A red light instantly spread over the scene, and a horrible spectacle was revealed. The palm trees all round the spot had been covered with rosin and set on fire, and to the trunk of each was tied a woman burning to death. The chief then danced wildly among the flaming trees with his queen until the orchestra struck the final chords of the measure, when he plunged a dagger into her bosom, so that she expired with the last notes of the music. Those who do not think this "a good murder" are hard to please. It is worthy of Alexander Dumas in his best days, and it is probably taken from one of his romances, or perhaps invented by the French editor to amuse his readers.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE ANNOUNCEMENTS.—Former times were sometimes suggestive to a degree that we very seldom find in this more reticent age. Here is an English example:—"Nov. 3d, 1750. Hannah Snell (famous for having served as a marine in the late war, and received several wounds at a seige of Pondicherry) to A carpenter, at Newberry, in Berks." A little book containing an account of this lady's life and exploits was published after her death, and it was mentioned therein incidentally that her husband was a "peaceable man," and very "humble and meek in his dealings at home." There seems to be a sly touch of humor in this. How could the poor man be otherwise with such an old soldier for his wife.

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor, corner of Centre and Leonard streets, Box 3,860, New York P. O.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS, advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER, are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes and confusion, which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

☞ ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ **We never answer questions by mail. All** addressed to us seeking information will be answered through this column only.

CLAUDE DE HAVEN.—Correspondents in most cases rely on the public programmes of companies for names, etc. If false announcements are made on bills, correspondents are apt to be led astray thereby. The gentleman you refer to we have generally found to be reliable and conscientious; your charge against him will be brought to his notice for explanation or refutation.

CUB, Baltimore, Md.—1. At all fours the points are not taken till the hands are played out, when every ace counts one in favoring order:—high, low, Jack, game, except when Jack is turned up by the dealer, when the point [illegible] 2. A straight-flush, only when so agreed upon, beats four of a kind.

DOLLY, Newnan, Ga.—1. Dexter trotted two public races after he had made his 2:17¼ at Buffalo on Aug. 14th, 1867. He trotted at Hamilton, C. W., Aug. 23d, 1867, against Bolly Lewis, and at Chicago, Sept. 7th, 1867, against Brown George and running mate. 2. Dexter was nine years old when he made his fastest record of 2:17¼.

R. S., Portsmouth, O.—The decision of bets is governed by the record. Longfellow's fastest record for a mile is at Long Branch, where he ran the third heat of a mile heat race, best three in five, in 1:46¼, which he made in the first mile of the Saratoga Cup last year (1:40 does not go on the record, being made in the fractional part of a 2¼ mile race.

J. C., Amsterdam.—The rank of general, now held by William T. Sherman, is the highest in the army of the United States. It was created for U. S. Grant. Sherman's commission is dated March 4, 1869, upon which date Grant, the only previous possessor of the title, was inaugurated president.

L. C. C., Martinsburg, West Va.—It is only necessary that the winning horse should trot the three or more heats in 2:45. The time of the losing horses in a heat is not taken, and to win a second and third money in the race you inquire about it is not necessary for the horses to trot in less than 2:45.

S. H. G., Portsmouth.—Longfellow has no record of a first mile in a two-mile and a quarter race, as the fractional part of her time in a race do not go on the record. He was timed on the Saratoga cup last year to have run the first mile in 1:40, but this was by outsiders, and is not official.

DICK ECK, Baltimore.—Harry Bassett and Longfellow never ran together last year. They first met in the Monmouth Cup, on July 2d, 1872, at Long Branch, when Longfellow won. The second meeting was in the Saratoga Cup, last week, won by Harry Bassett. It was the latter who beat Longfellow last heat.

N. J., Newark.—1. No horse, either in Europe or America, ever ran a mile in a minute. 2 Alarm's mile time of 1:42¾, made at Saratoga last week, is the fastest on record. Previously, Sallie and Palladen's time, 1:43, made at Lexington, Ky., was the fastest.

READER, Elkhart, Ind.—It is not the opinion of turfmen generally that Longfellow would have beaten Harry Bassett in the Saratoga Cup instead of his losing. On the contrary, the best judges are of opinion that Bassett had the race won long before his opponent met with his accident. See our report of the race.

ADRIANCE & CO., Lexington, Ky.—It is our opinion is, that to lead the people to think they are witnessing a regular, when it is but an exhibition game, deteriorates the character of the national game most decidedly, and such "hippodroming" will inevitably rob it of its attraction.

AMATEUR, Chicago, Ill.—1. You might possibly get an engagement to play utility business with some traveling company, but as you are without experience you would not probably receive more than eight or ten dollars a week. 2. Cannot say.

H. O. L., New Haven, Conn.—1. Archy Hughes ranks among the best jig dancers in the country. 2. Your second question concerns the private affairs of a professional performer, and such we never answer.

JOE PROVOST, St. Louis.—Nat Langham never had a dog bearing that name, that we are aware of, and no dog ever accomplished the feat mentioned. Jimmy Shaw's dog Jacko killed 1,000 rats in less than 100 minutes.

HUGH STRAK, Philadelphia, Pa.—The spire of the Strasbourg cathedral, which was a wonder of the world in the thirteenth century, is the highest edifice in the world, excepting the pyramid of Cheops and the cathedral of Vienna.

ARMY, South Bend, Ind.—You were not betting on a certainty, because a 3-footer might have changed the winning hands, and come after all; but whether a certainty or an uncertainty, you won your bet if they did not play.

R. S. M., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. We know nothing of the concern farther than that they are up to promptly. 2. The Lees' family are natives of England and are brothers and sisters. For their whereabouts watch the CLIPPER.

A. E. A., Detroit.—The player who took the dummy is not entitled to a subsequent draw under any circumstances. If some one stood his hand and rapped before the player took the dummy, the player could not draw again.

CAMBRIDGE.—1. The Red Stocking nine, in 1869, was How, s s; Waterman, 3d b; Johnson, r f; Hatfield, l f; Wright, 2d b; Brainard, p; Kingsley, c f; Gould, 1st b; Allison, c. 2. Budd Doble is his proper name.

LAFE, Philadelphia, Pa.—1. The Stadt Theatre, in this city, will seat 3,015 persons; yet 4,800 have been in the theatre at one performance. 2. We have no record of the seating capacity of the other establishment.

L. G., New Haven.—The Sappho has beaten both the Cambria and Livonia, which vessels were the property of Com. Jas. Ashbury. It was the Livonia that contended in a series of races on our waters last year.

CONSTANT READER, Coatesville.—Charley Gallagher was born at Cobourg, C. W., in 1845, and was at one time a member of the police force at Cleveland, O., where the greater part of his life has been passed.

CONSTANT READER.—Before the gentleman could legitimately visit the lady's home he would have to be invited by her parents or guardians, unless she is a near neighbor, then it would be regular to mean a call.

PLANTER, Sumter, S. C.—You were right. The dealer having turned the trump card down, could not play it alone after you make the trump. Only the player who takes it up, orders it up, or makes the trump can play it alone hand.

W. W. V., Allegan, Mich.—1. Our annual record of shows is published only in the CLIPPER early in April. We have none of that issue on hand. 2. We do not deal in paste brushes.

J. B., Rondout, N. Y.—Having fairly made the bet, he was in honor bound to make [illegible] trial, but failing to do so, he lost.

SUBSCRIBER, Utica, N. Y.—We don't express opinions on such subjects. Persons when they bet should exercise their own judgment.

MARY READER, Skowhegan.—To notice the article would give it a prominence which it does not merit. The profession cannot be injured by the assaults of such creatures.

G. W. M., East Saginaw, Mich.—Perseverance, and not sweet or any other oil, is the only thing that will improve you as a contortionist.

GERMANT.—1. We never heard of the horizontal bar act being done twenty-five feet from the ground. 2. Your salary would depend upon the success you achieve.

CLIFTON READER, Holyoke, Mass.—Tom Allen and Mike McCoole were opponents in the ring once only. Their second match fell through.

M. T., Philadelphia.—The cards having been played as follows, at cribbage, 29, 2 is additional, 2 did not come in for a sequence of three; a 7 would, besides making 31.

READER, Marathon.—Never to our knowledge has one person performed five different pieces of music at one time. Three have been often performed among them.

INQUIRER, Bellefontaine, O.—A letter addressed to any of the authors you enquire after, in the care of D. Appleton & Co., 549 Broadway, N. Y., will be forwarded to them.

ORLEY DUNN, San Francisco, Cal.—We decline to make comparisons between public performers as regards their relative merits.

R. AND L., New Orleans.—As Dexter did not win a heat in his race with Ethan Allen and running mate, he, of course, has no time credited to him. Only the winner's time is recorded.

NOIRAN, Boston.—1. Dexter has never trotted a race against time since he became the property of Mr. Bonner. 2. About 15 years. 3. We do not answer such questions.

T. H. P.—1. The distance from Newmarket to London is 70 miles. 2. The quickest time for the Derby is 2:45, made by Blair Athol and Kettledrum. 3. J. Snowden rode Blair Athol.

E. S., Helena, Ark.—1. The cards must be played out before the game is scored. 2. It is a drawn game. 3. No, the game is not counted until all the cards are played.

T. M., Louisville.—1. Leamington won the Chester Cup in 1867 and 1868. 2. The accident in the Doe Stakes, at Chester, when several of the jockeys were injured, occurred in 1868.

W. H. C. and R. S., Clifton.—The fastest pacing time on record is 2:14¼, made by Billy Boyce. Only recorded public time decides bets.

F. W. S., Newberry, S. C.—The cards being played at cribbage, as follows:—10, 5, 5, 3, 4 and 3, there is no sequence for the last four, but A was entitled to a sequence of three points for his four.

JOCKEY, Brainard.—Dexter did not trot against Ethan Allen and running mate when he made his 2:17¼ record, but against his own best time.

C. E. W., Union City, Pa.—Ethan Allen with running mate, made a mile heat in public on the Fashion Course, L. I., against Dexter in 2:18, which is his fastest time.

W. R. L., Quincy.—Salina and Fadladeen both ran a mile in 1:43 at the May meeting at Lexington, Ky., 1871. The fastest time ever made over the Chicago course was 1:43¾, by Herzog.

FERD. F., Plymouth.—1. Longfellow and Harry Bassett are both 16¾ hands in height. 2. Best standing jump 13 feet 5¾ inches, by Ed. Searles; best running jump, 20 feet 7 inches, by John Howard.

MUSICIANS, St. Louis.—No cards will be played out before the score is taken, and if both players are out then the game is drawn.

J. D., Scranton, Pa.—1. The Derby course, at Epsom, is 1¼ miles in length. 2. Gladiateur won the Derby in 1865, by two lengths, very easily.

H. R.—We cannot state the precise age of John Harper. He pleads guilty to 6, but some of his Kentucky friends declare that he is several years older, and he certainly looks it.

O. K.—1. John Smith. 2. At present there are at least half a dozen players so nearly equal that trial alone can determine which is the strongest. 3. If the parties to the purse [illegible]

M. B. S.—As neither party were aware of the result, and no misrepresentations were made by A to induce B to bet, the latter beat his money and must pay.

NUBBY, Bridgeport, Ct.—Pearce has played with the Mutuals this season. 2. Neither are under engagement just at this present. 3. Not yet read.

J. B. F.—Address a letter to the gentleman at the Theatre Comique, this city, and you will probably gain the desidered intelligence.

M. A., Philadelphia, Pa.—We recently published biographical sketches of Mallifoe, and have not space to repeat them. Why don't you read the CLIPPER?

T. H. McD., Geneva.—As the subject has not been adverted to in our columns, and it is only of local interest, we cannot publish your communication.

CASSIUS, Nashville, Tenn.—We shall not decide the matter until September.

PHIL KELLY, Chicago, Ill.—We believe Richard W. Beswick is still with Lent's N. Y. Circus.

A. A. L., Cleveland.—We are attended to in those matters, as you may perceive.

T. F. W.—We have no statistics whereby to answer your question whether do we think that it is positively known.

DIAGONITIES, Philadelphia.—1. Yes, upon several occasions. 2. No; is an English vessel.

READER, Martinsburg, West Va.—The fastest pacing time, one mile, is 2:14¼, by Billy Boyce, under saddle.

TRAVER BROWN, Providence.—1. You can discover by constant practice. 2. Yes, if persisted in a sufficient length of time.

C. AND D., Baltimore.—Joe Coburn was born in July, 1838; Jim Kane in April, 1831.

FRANK, Cincinnati.—Apply to a patent agent in your city; that will be the more expeditious plan.

M. DAVENPORT, Iowa.—Send $1 to T. Allston Brown, 718 Broadway, N. Y., will be forwarded to them.

W. F. W., Foxburg, Pa.—He is not the father of the boys you mention. We do not know their father's name.

R. C., Buffalo, N. Y.—We do not know the whereabouts of Law Woodward, dancer and comedian.

JOHN HOWLAND, Delhi.—The letter has been sent for by the party for whom it was intended.

GRANT, Lowell.—Any shoemaker can furnish you with them. Low cut shoes are the rage.

ACE, New Orleans, La.—We have no correspondent there at present.

HENRY, Baltimore, Md.—A letter addressed in care of Wallack's Theatre will reach the person referred to.

C. S. L. D., Brooklyn, L. I.—We know nothing of such cases. Apply to a first class physician.

W. S., Charlestown, Mass.—Wash always in soft, or rain water, and use Dr. Sponaugle's soap.

H. W., Marshalltown, Iowa.—[illegible] was the highest quotation of gold, on July 11th, 1864.

DUKE DASHER, Newburgh, N. Y.—It is the private property of the author and not for sale.

I. DAVENPORT, N. Y.—If the dog was born deaf there is no cure for him.

GAITHSOOR.—Harry Bassett and Longfellow never ran a race together last year.

R. B. C., Washington, D. C.—The exact definition of the word is sweepstakes.

J. W. H., Yarmouth, N. S.—Write to Ed. James, 69 Centre street, New York, and state what you want.

JOE J., Williamsburg.—The chances are exactly equal between the party throwing the coin and the party calling.

ARGIOUS, West Troy.—Mr. Henry N. Smith, a broker of this city, is the sole owner of Goldsmith Maid.

D. C. L., Boston.—We cannot understand your query. You must state it more clearly.

INFRIGUEROUS, Narragansett Pier, R. I.—Harry Bassett and Longfellow never ran a four mile race together.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—We do not know any party of the name who deals in fast horses.

INQUIRER.—Your best plan is to consult a good veterinary surgeon, and have the colt shod with the bar shoe.

KEYSTONE CLUB.—A could not increase his build of seven to eight, and B was correct in objecting to his doing so.

JIM THE BUSTER.—Hatfield played with the Mutuals in 1867, the Cincinnati Red Stockings in 1868, and the Mutuals in 1869.

W. A. S., Philadelphia.—The Athletics won the whip pennant last season.

SHEFFIELD.—The ball belongs to the winners, being generally preserved as a trophy.

C. B. H., Elkhart, Ind.—We do not require it. Brief items of fresh, reliable news, will be, however, thankfully received.

B. W. W.—Lady Thorn trotted a second heat in 2:18¾, at Narragansett Park, Cranston, R. I., in October, 1869.

E. C. A. J., Pittsburgh, Pa.—We don't know anything about the person you mention.

OARSMAN.—The fastest single scull time for the distance mentioned is not recorded.

CHARLIES.—John Morrissey was a citizen when he was 21 years of age, we are informed. He was 41 years old in February.

PERPLEXED.—Betting on a sure thing is all right, the surer the better, providing the practices no fraud to make it so.

H. G.—B having subscribed $6, it follows that he had subscribed $5—and more—therefore A won.

DON CARLOS.—A having been born in 1847, is twenty-one years of age—and more too—consequently A won.

J. S., Fort Scott, Kansas.—We don't preserve political sketches.

F. H.—The player who straddles the blind always has the age.

FAVORITE, Cincinnati.—Either the New York Central railroad or the New York Central and Hudson River railroad.

KATIE W., Dayton, O.—The letter is in order.

W. W.—The Empire City Harrier course is 1¾ miles in length.

D. C., Delaware City.—We have no means of knowing.

J. T., Hamilton, C. W.—Thanks for the programme.

F., Savannah.—Received, and filed for publication.

F. A. A., Newark.—Respectfully declined.

M. A., Memphis, Tenn.—Respectfully declined.

C. F. D.—Six dollars and ninety cents.

E. M. R., Utica, N. Y.—No, that's you.

L. P. Bridgeport, Conn.—Declined.

DASHER.—Will appear next week.

A. J. J., Springfield.—No record.

AMERICUS.—We have no record.

E. S.—John C. Heenan is alive.

F. M. H.—What was it called?

G. H.—Probably next week.

"DOBBS."—In our next.

LOCKPORT.—Time, 1 hour.

IMPARTIALITY.—B won.

ANOTHER CRASH.

The old sports have a very discouraging time of it this season on the turf. It was only a short time ago that they went down to Long Branch loaded with ducats and *lacs* of rupees to bet on Henry Bassett against Longfellow, the former being the choice of the boys at comfortable odds. They "got on" all the money they owned, and all they could conveniently borrow, and threw up their hats in exultation at the prospect of cleaning out the Longfellow chaps, who looked lonesome and troubled, just as though they had expected the death of a rich father, and had been disappointed. Well, you all know how Harry Bassett went back on them, how he lagged along as if he had been eating unripe fruit which had disagreed with him; and you all know that Longfellow beat old Harry like he was a wooden horse, and the knowing ones, who had such a sure thing on Bassett, were wrecked in the equine simoom, and left high and dry on the bluffs that overlook "the pebbly shore," etc. Well, having made considerable sport and trouble at Long Branch, Bassett and Longfellow packed their trunks, and started for Saratoga, to have another friendly set-to. And the old sports, having raised many more ducats in some mysterious way or other, also left for Saratoga, where they fully expected to get "hunk" for their Long Branch losses by betting on the *other* horse, you will understand. And to this end they "got on" again, this time on Longfellow, and they looked real cheerful and contented with everything, and didn't curse the waiters and other employees of the hotels. The two "flyers" came together again on the 16th, and it is with much pain we record the fact that *this* time Longfellow went back on the boys, and threw them higher than Haman was hung, if you have any idea how high that was; and the boys, sore at heart, and broken down in spirit, got back to New York in some unaccountable manner, and have come to the conclusion that more money can be made in betting on murder trials and election than on uncertain horse races. Some of the more wretched, who refuse to be comforted, insinuate in a mean sort of a way that the whole thing is a conspiracy to ruin them, and that Bassett and Longfellow are pards in this distressing combination. We don't know about this, but we do know that it is a very easy matter to be out of condition, or to cut one's shins, or something, when it is not on the cards to win.

THE PERSECUTION to which Mr. Stokes has been subjected at the hands of district attorney Garvin and other unprincipled persons is something that cannot fail to bring us into disrepute, not only at home but abroad. Mr. Stokes swore positively, and without the slightest equivocation, that Mr. Fisk drew a pistol on him, and yet the jury failed to agree on a verdict of acquittal. If this is the liberty our fore-fathers bled for, if this is the heritage left us by martyred parents, better we had continued under British rule than risk our lives with New York juries. Not only did this sneaking man Fisk draw, but he drew on an *insane* man, and would doubtless have slain him but for a mysterious influence which turned the weapon on himself, and inflicted the wound which resulted in his death; and yet seven degraded wretches would have convicted Stokes of an offence of which he is innocent. Three other villains would have convicted him of manslaughter, but thanks be to the two only honest and conscientious jurors in the party, who voted for acquittal, Mr. Stokes was saved from the rapacious jaws of death. If a prisoner cannot be acquitted according to law, on the votes of two good men and true, in a jury of twelve, then, we say, let us change such a disgraceful law, and thereby give encouragement to *honest* jurors. We have no personal feeling against the man Fisk; it is the principle of the thing we war against; our jury laws must be altered, or no man's life will be safe in our courts of justice. Let a law be passed so that, if even one juror votes for acquittal, the prisoner may be honorably set free. This question has got to be met fairly and squarely, and the sooner the better; else this republic will be a by-word of reproach all the world over.

"THEY SAY" that people at the watering places and other summer resorts suffered awfully during the red hot days of July. What with the scorching heat, and mosquitoes, blue-tail flies, nasty water, sand burrs, stale vegetables, little rooms and scarcity of the right sort of victuals, they had a dreary time of it. Men whose business is in the cities made that an excuse to get away from the summer places, so that they might secure a good night's rest and a square meal. Country people came to town for recreation, rest and other comforts denied them at home. How thankful people ought to be who are not compelled to spend the hot days away from the city.

THE HEATED TERM, while it retarded the outcropping of grass and other vegetables, developed a surprising growth of Chinese fans, with their elegant fanciful designs of variegated nature and things. These extraordinary productions not only give an air of coolness to everything around them, but they afford instruction to the painter, the draughtsman, and the gentleman of leisure; while the letter-press, with which each is so skilfully decorated, is so plain and easy of recognition, that he who fans may read.

WHEN THE THERMOMETER marked 98 in the shade, one day last week, an insidious foe to the human race had the boldness to inquire whether we didn't want to purchase a supply of coal. We have to pay his doctor's bill, as well as one for indirect claims resulting from the "accident," but we had the satisfaction of chucking the fire fiend down stairs.

TROUBLE is said to have arisen between the members of the recently Jubilee-imported Irish brass band, and those who wanted to go home sailed from Boston on the 19th inst. The others, with a new leader, will stump this country. May be the latter belong here. Want of harmony was the cause of the unpleasantness.

ACCORDING TO THE *Boston Post*, the jubilee speculation netted a loss of about $150,000, and yet nearly all Boston claims it to have been a great success. A few more "successes" of that kind, and Boston will have to sell out.

ANOTHER PANIC.—The announcement in one of our daily papers that a prominent republican had taken stock in the liberals, created another great run on Massachusetts Banks. The rumor and the run were alike premature.

TWO LIVES were lost by bathing at Cape May on the 18th and 19th inst, and yet there are said to be three life boats prowling around to save people. These life boats are *dead* failures.

IF A MAN only earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, he must have earned a full meal by the sweat of his entire body during the recent "hot spell."

WHILE WE were being stewed, fried, or roasted, last week, they had snow down there in Maine—but it was Snow, the lecturer.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ An attempt was made to assassinate King Amadeus and his royal consort, as they were returning from the palace gardens to the palace, in Madrid, Spain, on the night of July 18th, the carriage being fired upon by five men who were secreted in a recess through which it passed. Fortunately neither of the occupants were injured. One of the would-be assassins was killed by an officer, and two others were taken prisoners. To what party the conspirators belong is unknown. Subsequent advices state that one of the horses attached to the carriage received seven bullets. Thirty persons who have been among the leaders in the Carlist movement have been arrested on suspicion. It is believed that these parties were also personally in the murder of Gen. Prim. A large sum of money was found on one of them.

☞ A telegram from Alexandria, Egypt, dated July 18th, stated that a conspiracy was then stirring to inspire into the disgraceful affair between Consul General G. H. Butler and the Khedive's officers. The affray seems to have been premeditated by Butler and his friends. The latter left Alexandria on the mail packet steamer on that date, and it is believed he is on his way to this country.

☞ Advices from St. Petersburg, *via* London, July 20th, state that the cholera is gaining a foothold in the central and western portions of Russia. The disease has assumed its most malignant form at Moscow, and thousands of the better classes are fleeing from the city. A few sporadic cases have occurred at St. Petersburg. The proportion of deaths to recoveries is eight to one at Moscow.

☞ An express train from Boston ran into a market wagon, which was crossing the track at Foxborough, R. I., on the 19th inst. Isaac Mansfield, the driver of the wagon, was killed and the team was thrown from the track, but none of the passengers or employes were severely injured.

☞ The Geneva Tribunal re-assembled at 2 P. M. on July 18th, continuing in session daily for a few hours until the evening of the 19th, when an adjournment until the 23d was in order. The strictest secrecy has been observed by the members concerning their deliberations.

☞ Catacazy, the ex-Russian minister to the United States, has published a pamphlet, the object of which is to justify his course while here. He first offered it to the London *Echo* for a stipulated sum.

☞ Joseph Carlett and Michael Murphy, employed at Cleveland, O., in making an excavation for a gas tank, were buried by the caving in of the earth and smothered before they could be rescued.

☞ Two Irishmen, who were detected firing the grain stacks of a farmer who refused to employ them, were seized, tried by the neighboring farmers, and hanged, near Bantas, Cal., on July 19th.

☞ John F. Fuller was convicted of manslaughter, in shooting John Murphy, Jr., at Pittsfield, Mass., in March last, and has been sentenced to 14 years imprisonment.

☞ Three persons were killed and many injured (several fatally) by a collision on the Auburn branch of the New York Central railroad on July 19th. Both trains were wrecked, one engine mounting the other and the cars telescoping.

☞ Mr. Clement, the leader, and fifteen members of the Irish National band, of Portland, Me., were drowned on July 20th. The other members have chosen another leader and purpose making a tour of the States.

☞ Mr. Warne, a correspondent of an English journal, was robbed and murdered near Geneva, Switzerland, on July 20th. Nearly all the money has been recovered, but the murderers are unknown.

☞ Tom Lowery, one of the Robeson county, N. C., outlaws, was shot and killed on July 20th by Neill McNeill, Rob. McNeill, a younger brother of Col. F. M. Winhart, who was so brutally murdered by the gang some months since.

☞ The jury in the case of Ed. Dougherty, who died from the effects of a fall received in a friendly wrestle with Daniel Sullivan, in this city, on July 4th, returned a verdict of accidental death on July 22d.

☞ The surface near the Baltimore shaft of the Wilkesbarre, Pa., mine caved in on July 22d, leaving up a house and burying two children. The mine was idle.

☞ The Women's Typographical Union No. 1 of this city, is said enjoying a picnic on Saturday, the 27th inst., at Funk's Union Park, 53d street, E. R.

☞ The Grenadier Guards band arrived at Liverpool, Eng., from New York, on July 19th, and proposes giving a series of concerts there. They speak enthusiastically of their reception while here.

☞ The U. S. government has declined the proposal of the Italian government to join in the adoption of an international system of semaphoric signals for use on vessels.

☞ A large portion of the Hawley branch of the Erie railway, at Honesdale, Pa., was washed away by a sudden rise in the Lackawaxen river, caused by a storm on July 1st.

☞ Geo. Lloyd, ship surgeon of the steamship Montreal, was found dead in an apartment connecting with the bath-room on board the steamer, on the 19th inst.

☞ John Claypole was committed to prison for assaulting and dangerously injuring his wife, at Philadelphia, Pa., on the 16th inst.

☞ A meeting has been called in Philadelphia, Pa., to raise a fund by subscription for excursions for poor children, after the New York plan.

☞ Robt. Telfridge committed suicide at Philadelphia, Pa., on July 16th, by shooting, after first cutting his throat with a shoemaker's knife.

☞ It is rumored that General de Schweinitz, the Envoy of the German Empire at the Court of Austria, is about to espouse the daughter of Hon. John Jay, the U. S. Minister resident.

☞ Lewis Kelly, a brakeman on the Boston and Albany Railroad, was crushed between cars on the 17th inst., sustaining injuries from which he died.

☞ A fire broke out in Johnson and Jones' soap and candle manufactory, Milwaukee, Wis., on July 16th, destroying property valued at $90,000.

☞ Thirty lives fatally shot James Muir, at San Francisco, Cal., on the 14th inst. Lyons was arrested, and shortly after his arrival at the police station fell dead from disease of the heart.

☞ There were five hundred and eighty-seven deaths in Philadelphia during the week ending July 13th.

☞ Nine hundred and eighteen deaths in New York city last week.

☞ Small pox, which raged in Philadelphia since September last, has dwindled down to six deaths for the week ending July 20th.

☞ Miss Emma Pace was fatally burned at Gray's collar factory, South Boston, Mass., on July 20th, by her clothes taking fire on the entrance.

☞ Edward F. Wood, a sailor on board the steamship City of Mexico, was terribly scalded by an escape of steam on the 19th inst., and died on the 21st, in this city.

☞ The Swiss societies of this city and vicinity celebrated the opening day of their national festival at Jones' Wood on the 21st inst.

☞ Lucy A. and Lois S. Wilcox, daughters of Wm. Wilcox, of Worcester, and Mrs. Edmunds, were drowned while bathing at Milbury, Mass., on the 19th inst.

☞ The death record in Philadelphia, Pa., last week, reached 597, a decrease of 65 from the previous week. There were only six deaths from small pox.

☞ Several fires occurred at Buffalo, N. Y., on July 20th, property valued at $100,000 being destroyed and nearly nine hundred men thrown out of employment.

☞ Lew Ferote shot and killed H. W. Guthrie, *alias* "Clubfoot," at Eureka, Nev., on July 14th.

☞ Davis and Moore's paper mill, at Pepperell, Mass., was destroyed by fire on the 14th inst. Loss, $50,000.

☞ The parties concerned in the burning of Justice Keogh in effigy, at Dublin, Ireland, have been committed for trial.

☞ The Opera House and post office at Sedalia, Mo., were destroyed by fire on July 15th. Loss, $40,000.

☞ The Maryland House and other buildings at Rising Sun, Md., were burned on the 16th inst. Loss, $40,000.

☞ John Mooney fell from a fifth story window, in this city, on July 16th, and was killed.

☞ Several lives were lost and much property destroyed by recent storms and floods in England.

☞ The reported lynching of two Irish incendiaries at Bantas, Cal., by farmers, turns out to have been a canard.

☞ Two volunteers were recently killed by Cuban insurgents within a league of Manzanillo.

☞ Nelson Van Gordon, while fishing at Lackawaxen, Pa., on July 16th, fell from his boat in a fit and was drowned.

☞ R. M. Cooley, a wealthy resident of Springfield, Mass., was stabbed in the head by his servant girl on July 17th.

☞ Wheeling, West Va., was flooded on July 17th, and great damage was done to property.

☞ Wm. Wicum, of Manchester, N. H., was drowned on July 17th, while bathing at Litchfield.

☞ The Junction Eating House and several other buildings at Ogden, Utah, were burned on the 17th inst.

☞ J. B. Sheffield's paper mill at Saugerties, N. Y., was burned on the 19th inst. Loss, $300,000.

☞ The Grand Central Hotel, Saratoga, N. Y., containing 480 rooms, was opened on the 19th inst.

☞ Wm. H. West, of Philadelphia, was drowned while bathing at Cape May, N. J., on July 19th.

☞ The Albion Flour Mill, at Holyoke, Mass., was nearly destroyed by fire on July 19th. Loss, $60,000.

☞ A loss of $8,000 was caused by the burning of Gwinn's boiler shop, at Portland, Me., on July 21st.

☞ John Malott, a farmer, was shot dead near Tehanna, Cal., on July 18th, by a sheep rancher named Lee.

☞ Nicholas White shot and dangerously wounded James Smith, of Jackson street, this city, on July 21st.

☞ William Malloy, a boy of 16, fatally stabbed another lad of the same age, named John Lee, in this city, on the 21st inst.

☞ Alfred Sears was killed by the caving of a bank of earth at Dorchester, Mass., on the 19th.

☞ The grave diggers of Woolwich Cemetery, London, Eng., went on a strike on July 19th.

☞ The Geneva Board of Arbitration has decided to sit five days each week hereafter.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AKLEY, Charles H.—At one time an active, and up to the time of his death, an honorary member of company C., 71st regiment, N. G. S. N. Y.—N. Y. city, July.

APPLETON, Thomas—Fifty years since [illegible] was one of the most prominent organ builders [illegible] in New England; most of the instruments in the [illegible] churches were of his construction—Boston, Mass., July 15th, aged 86.

BRIGGS, Peter—An old and popular citizen of Georgetown; went to Washington from this city over forty years ago, where he became one of the leading business men and members of the Georgetown city councils for several years and filled other positions of trust and responsibility—Georgetown, D. C., July 17th, aged 68.

BOYD, Dr. George—Assistant surgeon of the steamship City of Montreal, Inman line, and a native of Ireland—found dead in the bath room of that vessel, N. Y. city, July 19th, aged 29.

CATSTARPHEN, Margaret P.—Wife of Judge Chapel Catstarphen—New London, Mo., June 30th, aged 64.

COVEN, T. C.—United States consul at the Azores—on the bark Freedonia, while on her voyage to Boston, Mass., July 6th.

CRANE, The Rev. Dr. Silas A.—Thirty years rector of St. Luke's Church, and once president of Kemper College—East Greenwich, R. I., July 16th.

CARAHER, M.—Particulars in foreign news.

CARTER, Charles—An *attaché* of Barnum's great show. See another department of this issue.

DOYLE, William—Harrysville—lived twenty-one days with his windpipe severed; his throat had been cut by two robbers, Marysville, Cal., June 29th.

DORSEY, Dr. Franklin—Resident of Harwich thirty-four years, a native of Mendon, Mass., and a graduate of Amherst College of 1834, in the class with Henry Ward Beecher—Harwich, Mass., July 8th, aged 63.

DE SELBY, John Thomas—Chamberlain to His Holiness Pius IX, knight commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great of Francis I, of the Two Sicilies, and belonged to one of the most ancient and honorable of the aristocratic families of England—Avenue de Wagram, Paris, recently, aged 68.

EVERARD, Dr. Newman—Pneumonia, Philadelphia, Pa., July 19th, aged 80.

FORD, The Rev. Lucian Collins—Cincinnati, O., July 18th, aged 58.

FLAKE, F.—Actor and proprietor of *Flake's Gaieties*, New Orleans, La.) *Belvidia*, a native of Germany, and a resident of Galveston for the past fifteen or twenty years; became conspicuous prior to and during the war, from his determined opposition to secession. He was an escaper of the principles of the liberal republican party—taken ill while on his way to Germany—New London, Conn., about July 17th.

FRENCH, Col. Richard—Born in this city, April 4th, 1809; was the son of a well known and popular proprietor of French's Hotel. In 1833, he, with his brother Philip, having accumulated a small sum of money, rented a house at 4 Catharine slip and converted it into a hotel, styling it French's Hotel. In 1838 they started a similar hotel at Monroe and Catharine streets; another at the Chatham Street Theatre. They had another where the Belmont House now is, in Fulton street, and Nos. 5 and 7 Broadway, and another on the east at Nos. 4 and 6 Broad street, called the Mechanics' Exchange. Much of the down town trade was received by the French brothers, and their hotels became widely known. About this time the hotel property on the site of the City Hall, was erected, and the brothers dissolved partnership. Richard took the hotels at the Chatham Theatre, Catharine slip and in Catharine street. Philip took the others, and soon after opened Madison Garden as a place of resort. During 1849 Philip was in California a part of the time, and when cholera was raging fearfully in this city he received a letter from his brother, in which he said, Alfred Hunt was lying at the hotel which bears his name, saying that he was selling almost a pipe of brandy a day. The business of the hotel, which was the first to adopt the European plan, increased year by year, and gained great reputation. The deceased received his title in the Twelfth regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., of which he was elected the commanding officer. Previous to that he was a member of the Independent Blues and of the Washington Parade of the Hose Keepers' Association, a prominent member of the Liquor Dealers' Protective Association, and the founder of the consumers' Ice Company. He was well known in the sporting world, and quite a sporting man himself—brain fever, Richfield Springs, N. Y., July 16th, aged 63.

GOLDSMITH, Henry—Highly respected as a citizen of Wisconsin—suicide during a fit of insanity, Two Rivers, Wis., July 8th.

HERSHMAN, John—A pensioner of the British Rifle Brigade, who joined the army in 1804, and was present at so many engagements during his career in the army that he was popularly supposed to have received more medals than any other man in the service; the commandant of Woolwich garrison payed him the honor—unusual in the case of pensioners—of sending a gun-carriage and escort of the Royal Artillery to convey his remains to the grave—Woolwich, Eng., about June 28th.

HUSBAND, Dr. Calvin—Devotedly attached to farming in all its branches, particularly the production of fine grades of wool—Springfield, Vt., July 18th, aged 72.

HENSCHNER, The Rev. R.—Late pastor of Holy Trinity church, Cincinnati—Reading, O., July 18th, aged 62.

HAMLIN, The Hon. Elijah.—Ex-mayor of Bangor; a brother of Senator Hamlin, born in Paris, Me., and had filled many important positions during a residence of thirty-five years in that city—Bangor, Me., July 18th, aged 73.

KING, Lieut. Alvin—Formerly of Company K, Sixty-second Pennsylvania Volunteers, and who lost a leg at the battle of Gaines' Hill—Monongahela city, Pa., July 19th.

LINDSAY, Dr. S. W.—Congestion of the brain, Cincinnati, O., July 16th, aged 48.

LOW, Mrs. Mary F.—Widow of the late Seth Low, and mother of A. A. Low, of Brooklyn. She had been a resident of Brooklyn for years, and [illegible] Mrs. Low was a native of Newburyport, Mass., and was [illegible] July 17th.

MARSHALL, Charles—Car inspector for the Providence and Fishkill R. R.—struck by a car coupling [illegible] Conn., July 14th, aged 48.

MELLEN, Samuel—A farmer of distinction in Rehoboth—committed suicide while depressed in spirit, Rehoboth, Mass., July 12th, aged 68.

MARSH, The Rev. James A.—Of the Methodist Episcopal church, and for several years a presiding elder of that body—Bergen City, Md., July 9th.

MARSH, Williams—Commenced business in Philadelphia in 1838 as an engraver, and for many years was engaged as an engraver of visiting and business cards, seals, &c.; the business was subsequently conducted under the firm of Marsh & Co.; was one of the earliest amateurs in the daguerreotype art, the predecessor of photography, and, in connection with Peters, made the first daguerreotype in the above city, forty years ago—Camden, N. J., July 18th, aged 71.

PLATT, Samuel—Well known lawyer of San Francisco, and formerly attached to the office of the Hon. John M. Clayton, of Delaware—suddenly, San Francisco,

BASE BALL.

GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

July 25. Pequasto vs. Resolute, at Bergen, N. J.
July 26. Atlantic vs. Mansfield, at Middletown, Conn.
July 26. Keystone vs. Perry, on Clapsville Grounds, N. Y.
July 26. Silver Star vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.
July 26. Atlantic vs. Mansfield, at Hartford, Conn.
July 26. Silver Star vs. J. H. Ecker or Enterk, at Philadelphia.
July 26. Chelsea vs. Concord, on Capitoline Grounds, L. I.
July 26. Boston, of Boston, vs. Resolute, of Elizabeth, N. J., at Waverley Fair Grounds.
July 26. Silver Star vs. Olympic, at Philadelphia.
July 27. Boston vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.
July 31. Flyaway vs. Volunteer, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

THE CHAMPIONS AGAIN DEFEATED.

Games Between the Mutuals and Athletics.

It was the current opinion that after receiving such a disastrous defeat in New York on the 13th, at the hands of the Mutuals, the Athletics would wipe out the former when they met on the Athletics' grounds in Philadelphia on the 20th, and odds were liberally offered that the Athletics would win. The attendance might have been two thousand, quite a falling off when compared to the numbers who formerly assembled to see two first class clubs play. The truth is, admirers of the game are losing confidence in players, and there are those who insinuate that men do not play to win, in all cases, but to make money by not trying to win. Be this as it may, the Mutuals again took the championship by a score of 11 to 8. Mr. E. Ferguson having been chosen umpire, at 3.45 the game commenced, with the Mutuals at the bat.

First Innings.—Eggler and Hatfield were put out at first base by the assistance of McGeary and Foley, and Start should have been third out at the same point, but Mack failed to hold the ball, well fielded by McGeary. Bechtel, however, terminated the innings by hitting a sky-rocket to Fisler, leaving Start on the first base, which Start reached by a terrific ball by Bechtel left field. McBride was missed on a difficult running catch by Eggler, who, however, fielded the ball to Hatfield in time to head off Cuthbert. Meyerle was put out at second base by Cummings' aid, and Malone caught on the fly by McMullen. No runs.

1. Hicks and Boyd were put out at first base by McBride's assistance, and McMullen's weak grounder in the same direction was fielded by Mack to McBride in time to terminate the innings for another blank. Fisler led off with a fine one-base hit to right field. Treacy popped up one to Hatfield. Anson hit to Fulmer, who fielded the ball quickly to Hatfield, and the latter threw it to Start in time to make a double play. No runs.

2. Fulmer was badly missed on the fly by Meyerle. Cummings was retired at first base by Fisler's fine fielding. Eggler should also have been out at first, but Mack stepped off his base. Hatfield was put out by Mack unaided. Start was given a life by Anson's wild throw to home base to head off Fulmer. Bechtel, by a fine two base hit to left field, then sent home Eggler and Start, but was left himself, as Hicks was put out at first base by McGeary's assistance. Three runs, none earned. Mack made his second base hit by a fine hit over McMullen's head. McGeary was put out by Cummings at first base. Cuthbert was missed on the fly by Fulmer, who then threw the ball wildly home, allowing Mack and Cuthbert both to score. McBride was left after getting one base by a good hit, as Meyerle was put out by a magnificent catch of Keefe's, and Malone fouled out. Two runs, one earned.

4. Boyd and Fulmer were put out by good fly catches of Treacy's, and McMullen retired at first base by Fisler's fielding. No runs.

5. Fisler drove a liner to centre field for two bases and came home on Treacy's fine three base hit to right field. Anson's very hot liner was picked up suspiciously near the ground by Fulmer. Mack made one base by a safe hit and McGeary by a wild throw of Fulmer's. Treacy coming home. McGeary was put out at second by Hicks, and Cuthbert at first by Boyd. Two earned runs.

6. Cummings was first out at first base by Mack, unaided. Eggler popped a safe ball to short left field, and came in on Malone's wild throw to second. Hatfield and Start followed with fine one base hits, and the former scored. Bechtel and Hicks were first out at first base by Anson and Fisler's aid. Two earned runs.....McBride, by a fine fly to Fulmer, and Hicks at first base. Meyerle made one base by a good centre-field hit, but was left, as Malone was caught on a tip bound by Hicks, and Fisler on the fly to Bechtel. No runs, and the Mutuals leading by a score of 8 to 4.

6. Boyd was neatly captured on the fly by Treacy. McMullen made his first by a grounder to centre-field, but, attempting to run to second base, was then put out by Malone's throw to Pratt. Fulmer drove a grounder to centre for one base, but was left by Cummings going out on strikes. No runs.....Treacy was taken on the fly by Eggler. Anson was put out by Fulmer's aid at first, and Mack fouled out to Hicks. No runs.

7. Eggler was put out on a foul bound by Anson. Hatfield made one base by a slow grounder to Anson. Start was put out at first base by Anson's assistance. Bechtel's hot grounder was muffed by McGeary. Hicks then hit a weak one that McBride fielded to first base in time to conclude the innings for a blank.....McGeary was taken easily on the fly by McMullen. Cuthbert hit to Hatfield, who stumbled after passing him a life. McBride made one base by a safe hit to short left field, but was put out by Hicks' throw to second, and Meyerle being taken on a fly foul by Hicks, another blank was recorded.

8. Boyd made two bases by a short centre-field hit that Treacy over-ran. McMullen made one base by a safe hit to right field, and then stole to second, but Boyd was neatly put out at home base by Malone, who was aided by Fisler's quick return of the ball fielded to him. Fulmer was put out by McGeary's assistance at first base, and Cummings again struck out, leaving McMullen at third. No runs .....Malone struck out. Fisler reached second base by Start's failure to hold the ball, rather poorly thrown by Hatfield. McGeary was given his base on called balls. Anson's splendid hit to centre field was brilliantly captured on the fly by Eggler; Fisler, however, coming home. Good one base hits by Mack and Cuthbert to deary than enabled Treacy to get home. Cuthbert was retired on a fly up neatly taken by Hicks. Two runs, not earned, the Athletics leading by a score of 6 to 5.

9. Eggler opened play with a splendid one-base hit. Hatfield and Start then gave Mack an chance to put them out, but dropped at first-base, which they generously declined, and Eggler scored an earned run. Bechtel struck out. Hicks sent Hatfield and Start home by a good hit, and came home himself on McMullen's grounder to Fisler fielded to first base by McGeary. Boyd and Fulmer also made one base hits and scored runs, and, after Cummings astonished the crowd by making a two-base hit, Eggler was retired at first-base by McGeary. Six runs, one earned..... McBride made one base by a fine hit to centre-field, but was put out while running on a passed ball which an outsider called "foul," and caused considerable confusion thereby. Meyerle was left after Hatfield had given him a life, Malone and Fisler giving easy chances for fly-catches to Eggler and Bechtel. No runs, and the Mutuals winning by a score of 11 to 6.

The very full account we have above given precludes the necessity of any extended comments on the game, and we will, therefore, content ourselves with saying that while each club were credited with the same number of errors, those committed by the Athletics proved the most costly, as they were followed up by safe hits. Each club earned three runs, a couple of errors by Fulmer and Start being responsible for the three runs not earned by the Athletics, and four errors by Meyerle, Mack, McBride and Anson gave the Mutuals their eight unearned runs. Cummings's pitching proved very effective in the last five innings, the Athletics only making five clean hits during that time. Hicks played well as catcher, and Eggler, McMullen and Bechtel played finely in the out-field. Mack's fine first base play and Fisler's splendid fielding at second base were the most noticeable features of the Athletics' play in the field, while at the bat, Mack, McBride and Fisler are credited with first honors. The game was satisfactorily and impartially umpired, and the Athletics deserve mention for the creditable manner in which they took their very unexpected defeat. The following will give all further particulars necessary:—

Athletic.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Cuthbert, l f.....	1	1	0	0
McBride, p.....	0	3	1	3
Meyerle, r f.....	0	1	4	0
Malone, c.....	0	0	4	1
Fisler, 2d b.....	2	2	2	6
Treacy, c f.....	1	2	3	0
Anson, 3d b.....	0	0	0	2
Mack, 1st b.....	1	3	16	1
McGeary, s s.....	0	1	0	4
Total.....	6	12	27	17

Mutual.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Eggler, c f.....	3	3	4	1
Hatfield, 2d b.....	2	3	6	1
Start, 1st b.....	1	1	9	0
Bechtel, r f.....	0	1	2	0
Hicks, c.....	1	1	6	3
Boyd, 3d b.....	2	2	1	3
McMullen, l f.....	0	1	3	0
Fulmer, s s.....	2	2	1	3
Cummings, p.....	0	1	0	4
Total.....	11	14	27	11

Innings. *Runs Scored.*	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mutual.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1
Athletic.....	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0—2

Runs Earned.

Mutual..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—1
Athletic..... 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0—2

First base by errors—Athletic, 7 times; Mutual, 7 times. Umpire—Robert Ferguson, of the Atlantics, of Brooklyn. Time of game—1 hour and 35 minutes.

BOSTON vs. TROY.

These professional nines encountered each other at Boston, Mass., on Saturday, July 20th, in the third game of a series for the championship. In the previous contests the Bostons had been victorious by a combined score of 14 to 9, and their triumph on this occasion was regarded as certain; consequently long odds, reaching 100 to 30, were offered on them, with few takers. Mr. Barrows, of the Tri-Mountains, having been selected umpire, play was called at 3.45 o'clock, the Reds being the first to go to the bat.

THE GAME.

George Wright fouled out to McAtee. Barnes followed and upon retired on the fly to Nelson. Leonard struck weak and retired at first by Wood to McAtee, amid applause. Little Force began for the Trojans with a fair foul, making two bases. Allison followed with a base hit, and went to second on an error. Kingthen fouled out to Schafer; McAtee sent a fine one to centre field, making a base hit and bringing in Force; Wood at the bat, when McVey had a passed ball; Allison, being on third, attempted to steal home, but was neatly prevented from scoring by Schafer; finally Wood hit to Capt. Wright and secured a base; Bellan made a terrific hit, sending the leathern sphere to centre field, and, besides making a two base hit, brought in McAtee and Wood; Nelson closed the innings by fopling out to Gould, leaving Bellan on second, and the visitors were ahead by a score of 3 to 0, seven men going to the bat.

McVey led off on the second innings with a high ball to left field, which was taken by King. Spalding got the first base hit for Boston. Gould fled out to Martin; Schafer struck out. No runs. Martin was out on the fly to H. Wright; Zettlein's fair foul carned him a base; Force was neatly put out at first on Spalding's error, and Zettlein came in. Allison fled out to Rogers; King a base hit; McAtee hit to G. Wright, forcing King out at second. One run and two first base hits. Again did Benton try to score, but the magnificent fielding of the visitors prevented, and a third whitewash was the result. McAtee scored a single run for his side and the innings closed with the Troys in the van by a score of 5 to 0, with eight base hits against one for Boston. On the fourth innings it looked as if Boston meant business, as Leonard led off with a two base hit; McVey out at first and Leonard at third; Spalding out on the fly to King, and Leonard was finely put out in trying to steal home by Allison. No runs. For the Trojans, Force, Allison, King, McAtee and Wood passed the home plate before the third man was put on the retired list. The score was standing 10 to 0 in favor of Troy; the friends of the Reds began to feel uneasy.

The Reds on the fifth innings scored two unearned runs, while the Trojans hammered Spalding for five more which left the score 15 to 2, with seventeen base hits against sixteen. This was indeed a hard look ahead for the Reds, who were completely outbatted and outfielded, as every point in the game will show. Things were commenced, and two runs only were added to the Reds' score, G. Wright and Barnes being the fortunate ones, and for the visitors Nelson contributed a second run. The balance of the game was played in a careful manner on the part of Boston, still they were unable to come up to their opponents' large score, and Boston was defeated for a second time this season. Of the play comment is unnecessary, as the Troy nine were completely outclassed, and fought at every point, while on the part of the Trojans their play was perfect, but few errors being credited to them. George Wright, McVey and Spalding excelled on the Boston side, while McAtee and Force and King are praised for their fine manner in which they played their respective positions. The score:—

Boston.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	Troy.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
G. Wright, s s.....	2	3	2	5	Force, 3d b.....	3	3	1	4
Barnes, 2d b.....	1	0	1	5	Allison, c.....	3	3	5	1
Leonard, 1 f.....	0	1	1	0	King, l f.....	3	3	3	1
McVey, c.....	0	2	7	0	McAtee, 1st b.....	3	3	9	1
Spalding, p.....	0	3	0	0	Wood, 2d b.....	3	3	1	3
Gould, 1st b.....	1	1	13	0	Bellan, s s.....	0	1	3	3
Schafer, 3d b.....	0	1	1	3	Nelson, c f.....	1	1	4	0
Rogers, r f.....	0	0	1	0	Martin, r f.....	0	1	0	0
H. Wright, c f.....	3	3	3	1	Zettlein, p.....	4	3	0	0
Total.....	10	16	27	15	Total.....	17	24	27	8

Innings. *Runs earned.*	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Boston.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1—10
Troy.....	1	0	1	4	1	0	0	0	0—17

Runs scored.

Boston..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 1—3
Troy..... 1 0 1 4 1 0 0 0 0—11

First base by errors—Boston, 3; Troy, 5. Double plays—Schafer, Gould, 1; H. Wright, Schafer and Barnes, 1—2.

MUTUAL vs. TROY.

A game was played between these clubs at Troy, N. Y., on Tuesday, July, 16th, the Empire City nine winning after an exciting contest. The score is appended:—

Mutual.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	Troy.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.
Eggler, c f.....	4	4	4	0	0	Force, 3d b.....	3	3	3	1	1
Hatfield, 2d b.....	1	1	1	5	3	Allison, c.....	3	3	3	5	0
Start, 1st b.....	1	1	1	9	0	King, l f.....	3	3	3	1	0
Bechtel, r f.....	1	1	1	0	0	McAtee, 1st b.....	0	1	1	9	0
Hicks, c.....	1	1	1	9	0	Wood, 2d b.....	0	1	1	4	3
Boyd, 3d b.....	1	1	1	2	0	Bellan, s s.....	1	1	1	1	3
McMullen, l f.....	1	1	1	2	0	Godney, c f.....	0	1	1	1	0
Fulmer, s s.....	0	1	1	1	0	Martin, r f.....	0	1	1	0	0
Cummings, p.....	1	1	1	0	0	Zettlein, p.....	0	1	1	0	0
Total.....	10	13	21	27	3	Total.....	6	15	13	29	9

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Troy.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	1	0—6
Mutual.....	0	0	0	0	4	4	0	0	3—11

Runs earned—Mutual, 7; Troy, 2. Mutual, 8. Bases on errors—Troy, 6; Mutual, 3. Umpire—John Burdick, Atlantic Club. Time of game—3 hours.

MUTUAL vs. BALTIMORE.

The next appearance of the Mutes after their victory over the Troy nine, was in a game with the Baltimore Club, in the Mount Vernon City, on July 18th, in which the New Yorkers were badly whipped. The score:—

Mutual.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	Baltimore.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Eggler, c f.....	1	0	2	0	Radcliff, s s.....	1	2	2	2
Hatfield, 2d b.....	0	0	3	3	Craver, c.....	2	0	10	1
Start, 1st b.....	0	0	9	0	Pike, 2d b.....	3	2	4	4
Bechtel, r f.....	1	0	1	0	York, l f.....	0	0	3	0
Hicks, c.....	0	0	7	1	Higham, c f.....	2	2	2	0
Boyd, 3d b.....	0	1	0	3	Carey, 3d b.....	3	2	0	3
McMullen, l f.....	1	0	1	0	Mills, 1st b.....	4	3	9	0
Fulmer, s s.....	0	0	1	3	Hall, c f.....	4	3	1	0
Cummings, p.....	1	0	0	1	Matthews, p.....	3	3	1	1
Total.....	4	1	27	10	Total.....	19	15	27	10

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Baltimore.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0—4
Mutual.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

Runs earned—Mutual, 0; Baltimore, 1. Umpire—Mr. Ferguson, Atlantic Club. Time of game—Two hours and fifteen minutes.

G. M. ROTH vs. EUREKA.

On the afternoon of Thursday, July 18th, the second game of the series for the amateur championship of Pennsylvania between the G. M. Roth and Eureka clubs, of Philadelphia, was played on the grounds of the latter, with the result below given:

Geo. M. Roth.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	Eureka.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Garber, 1st b.....	1	1	1	0	Caldwell, c f.....	2	2	1	1
Waltz, l f.....	3	4	1	0	Lowrey, s s.....	1	1	2	2
Battin, 3 b.....	0	3	0	1	Schaffer, 1 b.....	0	1	9	0
Bacon, c.....	0	0	7	0	Harris, 3 b.....	0	0	1	2
Pratt, s s.....	0	0	1	2	Neal, l f.....	0	0	1	0
Wetzell, 3 b.....	1	2	0	2	Fretz, p.....	0	0	0	1
Cary, p.....	0	1	0	0	Fields, c.....	0	1	3	0
Wolf, r f.....	1	1	1	0	Keiss, r f.....	0	0	0	0
Lutz, c f.....	1	1	1	0	Earns, l f.....	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	7	13	12	5	Totals.....	3	5	17	6

Innings. *Runs Scored.*	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Roth.....	3	0	0	1	0	0	1	1	1—7
Eureka.....	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	1—3

Runs Earned.

Roth..... 2 0 0 1 0 0 1 1 1—6
Eureka..... 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 1—3

Double plays—Battin and Garber, 1. Bases on called balls—Carr, 1; Cuthbert, 1 Hartel, 1. Catches on strikes—Nelson, 2; Fields, 3. Umpire—Mr. A. C. S. Halbach, of the Olympics. Time of game—2 hours and 15 minutes.

QUAKER CITY vs. ARAGO.

The Quaker City Club, of Philadelphia, played their initial game with the Arago, at Gloucester, N. J., on July 13th, which the former won by the following score:—

Quaker City.	O.	R.	Arago.	O.	R.
Johnston, p.....	3	3	Bond, c f.....	4	0
Quram, c.....	2	4	Collins, s s.....	2	3
Park, s s.....	3	2	Twitchell, l f.....	3	2
De Freitas, 2d b.....	3	3	Hunter, p.....	4	3
Crump, 1st b.....	3	4	Ross, r f.....	3	3
Gorman, 3d b.....	3	2	Adams, 1st b.....	3	0
Fisher, l f.....	3	4	Russell, 3d b.....	3	2
Smith, r f.....	3	3	Lockridge, c.....	3	1
Byers, c f.....	4	2	Linnard, 2d b.....	3	2
Total.....	30		Total.....	30	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Quaker City.....	4	0	2	0	1	0	3	1	1—12
Arago.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Umpire—Mr. Gorman. Time of game—2 hours and 30 minutes.

OLYMPIC vs. NASSAU.

The following is the score of a game played between the Olympic and Nassau Clubs, of Brooklyn, on the Capitoline grounds, L. I., on July 17th:—

Olympic.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	Nassau.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Wilson, r f.....	3	3	4		West.....	3	0	2	
Driscoll, 2 b.....	3	3	4		Smith.....	1	0	4	
Byrnes, c f.....	1	1	2		Roberts.....	0	0	1	
Curtin, 1st b.....	1	1	4		Barnie.....	0	0	3	
Woods, 2d b.....	3	2	3		Bunce.....	0	1	3	
Dosher, 3d b.....	1	1	1		Rowe.....	0	0	3	
McMahon, s s.....	0	1	3		Cassidy.....	1	0	3	
Mack, c.....	1	0	4		Palmer.....	1	0	3	
Brennen, l f.....	2	1	3		Connolly.....	1	0	3	
Totals.....	16	11	27		Totals.....	6	1	27	

Innings. *Runs scored.*	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Olympic.....	0	4	3	0	1	0	0	0	0—16
Nassau.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Umpire—D. Clare, Amity B. B. C. Time of game—1 hour and 30 minutes.

G. M. ROTH vs. HARTVILLE.

A contest between these clubs, at Philadelphia, on July 16th, ended thus:

Geo. M. Roth.	R.	1B.	Hartville.	R.	1B.
Garber, 1st b.....	1	1	J. Donnelly, c.....	0	0
Waltz, l f.....	3	4	McGlinchy, 2d b.....	3	3
Battin, p.....	3	4	Kilts, 3d b.....	3	3
Bacon, c.....	0	0	Harkins, p.....	0	0
Pratt, s s.....	0	2	Mandenhall, 1st b.....	1	1
Devlin, r f.....	0	0	Clifford, p.....	0	0
Crane, c f.....	1	1	McElroy, s s.....	1	1
Wolf, 3d b.....	1	1	Long, r f.....	0	0
Lutz, 2d b.....	1	2	Harman, l f.....	0	1
Totals.....	10	15	Totals.....	8	10

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Geo. M. Roth.....	3	4	0	1	0	0	1	1	1—10
Hartville.....	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	3	2— 8

Umpire—T. Carr, of the Resolutes. Time of game—One hour and thirty-five minutes.

KNICKERBOCKER vs. STATEN ISLAND.

On Wednesday, the 17th inst., the veterans visited Camp Washington, Quarantine, S. I., to play the return game with the "Reds" of that place, and were again defeated, as will be seen by the score below:—

Staten Island.	A.B.	O.	R.	In.	Knickerbocker.	A.B.	O.	R.	In.
Ware, 2d b.....	8	5	3	2	Kirkland, s s.....	7	1	5	3
Armitage, s s.....	8	1	3	1	Haines, 2 b.....	7	3	3	3
Rogers, 1st b.....	8	3	4	5	Lyons, p.....	7	3	5	3
Jones, c f.....	8	3	4	5	Bacon, 3d b.....	7	3	4	4
Betts, l f.....	7	3	3	3	Hitchcock, r f.....	7	3	3	3
Scofield, p.....	7	2	3	3	Buckley, 2d b.....	6	4	2	2
Hitchcock, 3d b.....	7	2	4	4	Thorne, r f.....	6	1	2	3
Wilcox, r f.....	7	3	3	1	Bunker, c f.....	6	3	1	0
Doubleday, c.....	6	0	1	0	Mortimer, c.....	6	4	3	0
Totals.....	67	27	29	25	Totals.....	59	27	24	22

Umpire—J. W. Davis. Time of game—2 hours and 15 minutes.

CANAVAN VS. DOERR.—These amateur clubs of the City of Quakers, played a game on July 16th, with the following result:—

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Canavan.....	4	3	3	1	2	1	0	4	1—18
Doerr.....	2	0	1	1	0	0	1	3	0—18

Umpire—Mr. Brown. Time of game—Two hours.

The Canavans and Osceolas commenced a game on the 18th, at Twenty-fourth and Columbia avenue, but only played four innings, the score then standing 14 to 14 in favor of the Canavans, who had but two of their nine present.

SHORT STOPS.—The Alaskas defeated the Chrystenias at Central Park, New York, on July 20th, scoring 48 to 6. At the same time and place the following games were played:—Alert beat Mutual, Jr., 27 to 21; Invincibles beat Orinocos, 20 to 18; Alps beat Diamonds, 18 to 6; Alert, second nine, beat Union, 36 to 33; Quickstep beat Oriental, 15 to 14. At Boston, on the same day, the following minor contests took place:—Howard beat Red Stocking, 9 to 8; Aurora beat Lowell, 9 to 6; Royal beat Western, 15 to 8..... The Empires got away with the Unas, at Detroit, Mich., on July 18th, scoring 36 to 14..... The Tremont, Jr., of Boston, were beaten by the Lowells on July 19th, the figures being 13 to 7, and on that date the Howards, of Bridgewater, polished off the Red Stockings; score, 14 to 12..... The Lone Stars, of New Orleans, played at Evansville, Ind., on July 18th, and were beaten by the Riversides, who scored 18 to 5..... The Excelsiors, of Boston, lambasted the Aconas, of Chelsea, Mass., on the 13th instant; score, 18 to 5..... The Fastimes, of Belfast, Me., who claim the amateur championship of that state, beat the Cherokees by a score of 27 to 13, on the 16th inst..... A nine composed of Knisely & Co., nicely beat the Townsend & Yale team, on the Champion's grounds, Jersey City, on July 20th. On the same date the following games were played at Prospect Park, Brooklyn:—Nameless vs. Gormleys, eight innings, tie, 19 to 19; Hammond's Barnakers beat Union Association, 28 to 21; Phœnix Insurers beat Park Engineers, 38 to 13; Washington beat Putnam, 33 to 27..... at the Capitoline grounds, Brooklyn, the Concords waxed the Stars, of Greenville, N. J., July 20th; score, 29 to 8, and the Atlantics polished off the Burnsides, the score being 20 to 18 ..... On the 17th inst., the Mansfields, of Middletown, demolished the Quinnipiacs, of Wallingford; score, 15 to 0.

CRICKET.

PATERSON vs. NEWARK.

The cricket match between the sleek and well-fed elevens representing respectively Paterson and Newark, N. J., and captained by those lofty publicans, Joe Carless and Joe Dutton, came off at Passaic Falls, on Wednesday, 17th inst., and afforded amusement to quite a large number of spectators, among whom was a sprinkling of New Yorkers, Philadelphians and lovers of cricket from various parts of Jersey, all seemingly bent upon enjoying themselves, which they certainly did. The weather was intensely hot, and the suffering endured by these heavy weight knights of the willow were great, but, though the fervid heat caused the perpiration to roll down their cheeks in limpid streams, they bore the infliction without a murmur, that the interests of the game might thereby be advanced. In the evening, however, they sought consolation in a feast and flow of good things, edible and bibible, and a good time generally, at Carless' Old House at Home. Below we give the score:—

First Innings.	Paterson.	Second Innings.
G. Etchells b Grimold.....	6	run out.....7
Heslin j b w b Grimold.....	6	b Goodwin.....0
Ludford b Taylor.....	15	l b w b Barber.....0
Jackson l b w b Grimold.....	5	b Goodwin.....2
Davis b Goodwin.....	0	b Goodwin.....0
Wardell c and b Grimold.....	0	not out.....3
Hinchliffe run out.....	0	run out.....5
McDougnell b Barber.....	20	c Barber b Jefferson.....7
Lemmon c Lunn b Taylor.....	1	b Goodwin.....28
J. Etchells run out.....	0	b Goodwin.....1
H. Smith not out.....	0	c Barber b Goodwin.....0
Wides, 5; leg byes, 2.....	7	Bye, 1; wides, 7.....8
Total.....	66	Total.....73

First Innings.	Newark.	Second Innings.
Grimold c Ludford b Lemmon.....	1	b McDougnell.....0
Barber b Lemmon.....	0	b Ludford.....0
Jefferson c and b Ludford.....	6	b Ludford.....2
Goodwin run out.....	0	not out.....11
Sax b Ludford.....	3	run out.....0
Taylor c McDougnell b Ludf'd.....	0	
Lunn b Ludford.....	0	
Gillott not out.....	2	b McDougnell.....5
Sykes c and b Ludford.....	0	l b w b McDougnell.....4
Millaran run out.....	0	b Ludford.....2
Dutton b Lemmon.....	1	not out.....0
Wides.....	2	Wides, 5; byes, 3.....8
Total.....	14	Total.....45

GENTLEMEN vs. PLAYERS.

This annual cricket match was played at Lord's, London, Eng., on July 1st, 2d and 3d, with the result below given:—

First Innings.	Players.	Second Innings.
Jupp b Powys.....	b Powys.....	21
R. Humphry h w b B'ch'nan.....	b Powys.....	46
Lockwood Stumt b B'ch'nan.....	b Buchanan.....	29
Daft b Appleby.....	c Appleby b Powys.....	0
Crip'sh'r c H'nby b B'ch'nan.....	c Powys b Appleby.....	39
Smith c Hornby b B'ch'nan.....	c Yardley b Buchanan.....	0
Pooley b Appleby.....	c Stuart b Buchanan.....	0
M. M'Ti'ns c Sh'th b B'ch'nan.....	c Ottaway b Buchanan.....	0
A. Shaw c Y'rd'y b B'ch'nan.....	b Buchanan.....	17
Southerton not out.....	b Powys.....	6
J. C. Shaw b Buchanan.....	not out.....	0
Byes, 3; l b d; w b 1.....	Byes, 10; l b, 7; w b 1.....	37
Total.....	Total.....	274

Gentlemen.	
W. Grace c Sh'th b J. Shaw.....	77
A. N. Hornby b M'Intyre.....	10
C. J. Ottaway b J. C. Shaw.....	18
J. W. Dale, b J. C. Shaw.....	9
W. Y'ller'st'r Foley b J. Shaw.....	20
L. D. Walker b M'Intyre.....	13
G. F. Grace b M'Intyre.....	17

Players.	
A. Appleby b M'Intyre.....	11
W. N. Powys b M'Intyre.....	0
H. R. Stuart b J. C. Shaw.....	0
D. Buchanan not out.....	0
Byes, 4; leg byes, 6.....	10
Total.....	197

In the second innings, W. G. Grace scored 82 (Jupp, b A. Shaw) 112, Hornby (c M'Intyre, b J. C. Shaw) 14, Ottaway (c Lockwood, b A. Shaw) 44, Dale (not out) 13, Yardley (not out) 27; 5 9, 1 b 3—total, 293.

THE CRICKETING ELEVEN of the Staten Island Base Ball Club have made engagements to play the following clubs:—St. George, at Camp Washington, Quarantine, S. I., at 1 P. M., July 25th and 27th; Manhattan, return game, Hoboken, N. J., 11 A. M., July 31st. The following are the first eleven of the Staten Island Club:—Leake, Orr, Outerbridge, Sprague, J. H. Duer, Irving, Wilkinson, Haughton, Lawrence, Jardine and Brewster (professional), with McKean, Marsh and Mort. Rogers as substitutes.

PEARSON TO SMITH.—No explanation is required by the following defiant effusion from the celebrated cyclist of the City of Bricks:—

PHILADELPHIA, July 19th, 1872.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—DEAR SIR.—Having seen a challenge from Paterson, N. J., in regard to cycling, I will play John H. Smith, of Paterson, a home and home match, for $250 a side each match; or, if that will not suit, I will play him one match for $500 a side, to be played at Trenton, N. J., 18 yards, stiff clay cards, sixty out or seventy-five points. MILTON PEARSON, Cricketers' Hotel, 4,2d Amber and Taylor sts., Kensington.

AQUATICS.

SAILING REGATTA AT LYNN, MASS.

On July 19th the manufacturers of the

AROUND IN ALLEN STREET.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY AN OLD SPORT.

The deal was square, the game was young,
No odds could gambled be,
When Jane Louisa made her "march"
From maiden life with me.
In Hymen's play the queens are high—
When trumps, they can't be beat—
Agin the "deck" I'm backing mine,
Around in Allen street.

No more I "pass" a night away,
Nor harp my euchre power;
Like knight away I'm harping on
My lady and her bower.
Let bottom dollars still be lost
Where flats with sharpers meet,
A winning hand I hold alone
Around in Allen street.

When "pards" we went, Jane played "no cards,"
But well she understands
The game of life, and how to use
Her strong assisting hands;
My shirts had been all buttonless,
My home no snug retreat,
Had she not swung her right and left
Around in Allen street.

"YE SPOUTER."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY H. STEALE.

After weeks of unceasing search through innumerable volumes of ancient lore; after numberless sleepless nights spent in searching the pages of the many encyclopedias, and after diligent research through dictionaries without number, from "Webster's Unabridged" to the smallest pocket book of "common words" for the word "spouter," without success, it is to be supposed that the word is of recent origin, or that the compilers of the aforesaid innumerable works were (be it said to their discredit), ignorant of the existence on this mundane sphere of the large community of fiery aspirants to histrionic honors, more commonly known as "ye spouters."

Having had years of association and intercourse with this enthusiastic and aspiring people, by those means becoming familiar with all their vicissitudes and wanderings, and owing to the incompleteness of the works referred to in omitting this word, with its roots and definitions, the writer, with a desire to enlighten those yet groping in darkness as to these points, and also as to the customs and habits of this no small community, believes that the following can be considered as standard authority.

The word is derived from a compound of Greek and Latin (?) of spouticus—to speak, and struticus—to strut; hence it means to speak and strut. By one piebald writer, who, from some diabolical motives, perhaps, to heap odium upon this struggling and ambitious people, gave its definition to be "a class of persons who believe themselves to be great actors, and who make siege upon the verdant residents of provincial towns, under the direction of "Quisby" managers, for which they are generally compensated with large promises of cash in the future, and with a free ride home on the cars, minus their wardrobe. This writer, undoubtedly, does not appreciate the advancement of the legitimate in the smaller towns, nor the continual sacrifices made by such manager and companies to give performances before prejudiced and soulless communities. The great majority of this *genus homo* are prepared in the amateur dramatic associations which abound in all large cities, where, after one season's playing, he believes himself competent to do "juvenile," or, at least, "first walking" in a very first class theatre, and with feelings of success he applies for an engagement, and holds out for the business he believes he is capable of doing; but as managers are so hard on rising talent, they, after smothering their feelings with an air of resignation to be boasted of, and with a determination not to be baulked in the first step towards fame, accept "utility" and sometimes "super." This is the first move in the life of spouterdom. From this time forth he cuts his amateur companions and seeks his affinity in the mystic circle of spouters, to whom he continually alludes to his coming engagement as "second walking gent at twenty-five a week."

The greater portion of the balance, not brought up in the school just alluded to, are youths who have sunk into the last stages of "stage stroke," and who, to satisfy their ambition to wear tights and things, and to strike admiration to the souls of an admiring public, leave a lucrative position and accept one in a theatre at a salary of about one-third formerly received. This is the class that generally want to play kings and tyrants, but who are generally entrusted with the responsible part of a policeman.

The place where they most do congregate is generally at some public house where professionals frequent, and here they will collect in a corner of the room and talk theatricals for hours.

They criticise, and severely, too, every actor of any note, and all the performances given at the theatres, especially those plays in which they took principal parts in their amateur days, and which they declare was played equally as well by them, considering the conditions, as it was played upon the professional boards.

On standing within hearing distance of a party of about eight of the *bona fide* spouters, I was overheard to exclaim:—"I (sock), Tom, did yer mind how Struttz done Bill Sykes last night? Why he don't know the first business of the part, he don't, and mind how the whole thing was hashed. Why yer jist ought'er seen us do it up in Jersey. Egad we hoged 'em, you bet; I done Charley Bates, and yer just ought-'er seen me lay over the dodger, and he thinks he's great because he's played in Noo York. Why I would'nt be found in a one horse town with that company that played last night—no the be damed if I would; and then they puts on airs because they play in the big theatres," and here the speaker gave a look that expressed the disgust he felt, which he could not express by words. So they talk, the best of actors being literally dissected, and their imperfections shown out in such numbers that one not initiated would suppose the unfortunate victim was one mass of imperfections, and when they arrive at the conclusion that he is "queer," then his fate is forever sealed in their whole community.

For theatrical gossip they surpass the journals published for that purpose. They know the salary, (or think they do) of every actor of any note in the country; they can foretell where Mr. So and So goes next season, before the gentleman alluded to has the remotest idea where his "next season" will be spent. In a mysterious manner they will give you to understand that they are perfectly familiar with the circumstances which resulted in Miss Soubrette leaving the "Union" before the conclusion of the season, and confidentially inform you that Masher was discharged because he got intoxicated on the occasion of a benefit, when in reality, the gentleman's time of engagement having expired, he left for a more lucrative position.

It is an odd sight to see this motley crew gathered at their place of *rendezvous*. Here are men of all ages, between the years of eighteen and sixty, who are dotted up in all fashions between the loud and cheap and the shabby genteel. One of the prominent figures in the group just referred to is a youth who is doing utility, at "thirty dollars a week," at one of the principal theatres. He is rather long and slender, and is topped off with a small round, head, covered with a profusion of black, curly hair, a mustache of the same color, which looks too thin to survive through the season, and upon the continual fondles he bestows upon it, by way of delicate strokes, down each side; his legs are of the bean-pole pattern, with a decided inclination to spring backwards. Anon, a placid smile flits over his pimpled countenance, whilst the others indulge in a loud ha! ha! The cause of this mirth is a highly embellished account of a two weeks tour of a "Buffalo Bill" company, which is being told by a slender youth, gotten up in a grey suit of clothes, who wears a last year's black tile on the sou-east corner of his cranium, who did the comedy for the party, and in which the youth with spring legs did the juvenile, for which both were fed during their stay, and left to get home (on foot) in the best manner possible. This part of the trip was omitted, however, but the cause of the smiles was an account of how the "Uno" was forced at them in a town in Delaware, and a vivid description of the frightful slaughter of Buntline's great literary work in consequence.

There are some in the number who have passed through such scenes years ago, and now, from their standpoint, see the evils of too frequent libations of "Uno." The have a wife and children depending upon them for support, but season after season passes by; applications for engagements are continually being made, and yet they fail to secure one. Some think it strange that such a good actor cannot get an engagement, but those who have known him for years know that as soon as the first week's salary is drawn, then commences a season of intoxication which only ends with the salary.

While the constellation of talent were loudly discussing the literary merits of "Buffalo Bill," and the comparative strength of Delaware whiskey, a tall, medium built young man, with a very highly colored nasal organ, with black, matty hair, and a moustache of the same color, waxed out to a point on a line with his ears, who is dressed in a plain, black suit of clothes, highly polished at the elbows and knees, with traces of many a meal lingering upon the lappels of his tightly buttoned coat, just opened enough at the top to display a paper dickey, which may have been white at one time, but now is of the lightest grey color and amply sprinkled with yellow spots, but on close inspection proves to be tobacco juice, enters the crowd with a "Hodder Hay Glaire air, and greets them with, "Ha! ha! my gay and festive Trojans, what is the momentous question that agitates your colossal brains?"

This salutation is responded to by some with the "How are you, old boy?" and by the youth who wore the tile on the sou'-east corner of his cranium with, "Oh, ho, by all the gods that made me, 'tis his royal nibs, me uncle."

One on whom nature did not give that attention to personal beauty which she should have done, smilingly made an obscure allusion to a benefit which was to have been given for the new comer, for which tickets were sold and no performance given. The man in the polished suit cast a withering glance upon the youth whom "nature neglected," who nudged one companion in the ribs, and he in turn nudged another, and smiled serenely to think he had so well succeeded in once more bringing up the subject of the old "sell."

But the new comer has news—he knows of a party that wants "talent to travel." What a change comes over the scene; the whole party are in motion, question upon question is plied to him. What is the manager's name? Is he responsible? How long is the season to last, and where does he intend going; which, being satisfactorily answered, the crowd dispersed, and in a few days the manager in question received an application from nearly every person included in the party on the occasion alluded to.

In a few days some of the old faces are missing, but their places have been filled by new comers, who have just returned from a long trip. In a month, probably, some of the old faces return, having been successful in getting an engagement with the manager who wanted "talent to travel." They talk of success or evil where they played, and from their manner it would be thought they were sorry that the engagement did not last longer, but they are not. The youth whose personal beauty will never cause his death, who has always been unsuccessful in obtaining an engagement, and who shows a desire to bring up disagreeable subjects, says he heard from a good source "that they did not get their cash." This is stoutly denied by those who were in the company, and for argument against the assertion, they talk of the big houses at this and that place, but "nature's neglected" knows they are lying, for he discovers the never failing proof of a trip with a "flight" manager, in the well worn shoes, the seedy clothes, the desire to sell some "togs," and the daily inquiry for "fine cut," all being *prima facie* evidence of the falsity of the stories of good luck.

And thus it is, their life, like the kaleidoscope, is a change on almost every turning. Occasionally it is colored with bright prospects for the future, but on the next turn a dreary prospect of uncertainties is spread before them, and thus it continues until old age creeps upon them; still they cling to the profession which has long since cast them off, and their days of dotage are spent in recounting the great hits made years ago, and in making calculations how wealthy they would be if they had all the money due them by traveling managers.

AMUSEMENTS IN AND AROUND LONDON.

Fourth of July Celebration at Woolwich Gardens.

From London, England, under date of July 8th, we have the following letter from Mons. LA THORE:—"The first day of my arrival here I attended the *matinee* of the Moore and Burgess Christy Minstrels at St. James' Hall, one of the best minstrel bands in existence, the first part introducing thirty fine performers. The ballad singing of Messrs. Leslie, Rainford, Norman, Bruce, Reed Percival, Travers and Crossland, was the best I ever heard, while the comic department was ably sustained by Pony Moore, Little Bob and Jack Adams. The instrumental department is very fine. All the business is carefully rehearsed, and when placed before the public is almost perfect. Messrs. Moore and Burgess have an able director in Mr. A. Nish, who arranges and directs the choruses and general business. Pony Moore, as a Negro comedian, possesses a rich flow of humor and wit, his style is truly original and his quaint sayings always bring down the house. Pony has made for himself a name in this great city, which will be remembered long after he has passed away; and he is ever ready to extend a hearty welcome to every American visiting London, while his gentlemanly and obliging partner and manager, Mr. Fred. Burgess, is never behind hand in extending the courtesies to strangers. At the conclusion of the first, the second part of the performance opened with a double song and dance by Martin and Sully, from New York, which received a hearty *encore;* the next was a comic sketch called 'Gripsack,' by Pony Moore, little Bob and Bruce, which gave scope to Pony to introduce his comic and eccentric humor, ably assisted by little Bobby. Then followed the irrepressible Hughey Dougherty in his great stump oration, which met with a tremendous *encore*. Sully next appeared as the lively boy, and Martin in his India rubber act, the show concluding with a walk around.....In the evening I visited the Pavilion Music Hall, where I had an opportunity of hearing the two great comic vocalists, Geo. Leybourne and Arthur Loyd. The Linton family of gymnasts were also there, and a ventriloquist similar to Jester, but I did not learn his name. The entertainment was very good, and business immense.....The following day I went to Stratford, four miles from London, to see the circus of Messrs. Bell and Hutchinson, as this was to be their last show in England previous to shipping for France next day. I got there in time to see the grand parade, with magnificent Arabian cars; golden chariots, &c., filled with beautiful women in gorgeous costumes; men on horseback, clad in complete armor; clowns in little wagons and on ponies; and a splendid stud of horses and paraphernalia. They call their establishment the Great United States Circus. The inside show was very good, and the riding of Miss Carrie Bell and young Ben Boone was excellent.....On my return I went to the Alhambra to see 'King Carrotte,' with which I was very much disappointed. It is very well put upon the stage as regards scenery, &c., but the thing itself is tedious and very uninteresting, and as a spectacle is far inferior to the 'Black Crook.' It took three hours and a half to play. There is a great deal of singing, not much talking, but very little dancing; in fact, there is only one *ballet* that deserves the name, viz., 'The Insects,' and only one principal dancer. The orchestra of this establishment is its principal feature, consisting of fifty picked musicians. I must not omit to mention the name of M'lle Annetta Scasi, who, as Robin Wildfire, by her exquisite singing and charming acting, contributed greatly to the success of the piece. The monkey scene was very tame and could be very much improved upon, and, on the whole, I don't think 'King Carrotte' will set the New Yorkers crazy.....The Argyle Rooms are again in full blast, and a couple of hours can be whiled away there very agreeably.....On the following Sunday morning we visited the Crecque Gardens, a magnificent place when lighted up at night, reminding you of scenes in the Arabian Nights. Hundreds of richly dressed ladies and gentlemen were promenading through the various *parterres*, or seated in the alcoves partaking of refreshments. The admission here is sixpence, for which a refreshment ticket is given.....On the fourth of July we visited the Woolwich Gardens, being attracted to the immense posters printed on American flags, announcing that there was to be an American Fourth of July *fete* held there. We arrived about three o'clock P. M., and received a cordial welcome from the gentlemanly proprietor, Mr. W. Holland, who did everything in his power to make our stay pleasant and agreeable. The gardens were beautifully decorated with American flags, while two fine bands in different parts of the garden were playing alternately the American national airs, 'Hail Columbia,' 'Yankee Doodle,' 'Star Spangled Banner,' 'Old John Brown,' etc. In the centre of this garden is an artificial lake, on one side of which is a diorамic view of Paris, lighted up, and it appeared as if looking on to the city itself, with its bridges, etc. Soon the city is seen in flames in different parts, then a terrible bombardment takes place and shells fall into the large buildings, which blow up with a tremendous explosion. This was followed by the ascent of a monster balloon with fireworks attached. When it had reached a great height and the fireworks had done burning, the balloon itself caught fire and burnt with beautiful effect. Now came the feature of the evening, a tribute to the immortal Washington, in fireworks. In the centre was a transparency; lighted from behind with red fire was a portrait of Washington. On the right and left of the portrait, in fireworks, were the American and English flags, a little above and below the portrait were the words—George Washington, in letters of fire. This finished the evening's entertainment. Mr. Holland deserved a great deal of credit for getting up this entertainment, and I was glad to see his efforts were duly appreciated. He is a genial, whole souled, big hearted man, just the chap to steer a place like the Woolwich Gardens, and I cheerfully recommend every American visiting London to go to the Woolwich Gardens during their stay, and they will never regret it, especially if they are fortunate enough to meet the American-Englishman, Holland, whom you cannot miss, with his long, waxed moustache. He is a stand off between Louis Napoleon and Jim Fisk."

A COMICAL COMIC VOCALIST IN COURT.

Frederick Deuters sued the Metropolitan District Railway Company, London, Eng., on July 5th, for damages sustained while traveling on their line, before Lord Chief Justice Bovill and a special jury. Frederick Deuters, the plaintiff, was called, and said:—I reside at 99 Leman street, Whitechapel. In the day time I am a cap cutter, and assist my brother, and in the evening I am employed as a comic vocalist.—On the first of December last I went to sing at the Trevor Music Hall, Knightsbridge, and I also went to the Standard at Bishopsgate. After that I went to the Sloane Street Railway Station, and got into a third class carriage. At the Temple Station a gentleman got out, and afterwards the door was shut, and my coat was caught in the door. Another gentleman got out at Blackfriars, and I was moving my coat from the door, when it was instantly shut, and the second and third fingers of my right hand were pinched in the door. Screaming out and felt fainting into a gentleman's arms. I was senseless until I reached the Mansion House Station. I got on to the platform there, and then fainted again. I was taken to Mr. May, a surgeon, close by. I tried to walk home, but felt as though I should faint in the street, and therefore I took a cab. I called on Mr. May next day, and afterwards I went to Mr. Sequiara, a surgeon, who lives close by me. At the recommendation I had my arm in a sling for some time. My fingers were crushed. I have not since been able to work as a cap cutter. I could work now, but I cannot get work. I earn 25s. a week as a cap cutter. I could not act as a comic vocalist for about two months. I sing and dance and tumble about, and throw somersaults. It pains me now to turn somersaults. I could earn as a comic vocalist "a tidy old sum." (Loud laughter.) The Lord Chief Justice.—What sum do you call tidy, but what you did earn. Witness.—Sometimes I could earn £4 or £5 a week. I was at the Trevor, and I was "deputising" at the Standard for Mr. Mackley. (Loud laughter.) The Lord Chief Justice.—I am not acquainted with him. Who is he? Witness.—A comic vocalist, and he dances, like me. (A laugh.) He was engaged at the Standard, and could not fulfil his engagement. Mr. Thomas.—How much did you get at the Trevor? Witness.—Not a large "screw" there. (Laughter.) It was 15s. a week. At the Standard it was 58. a night. The Lord Chief Justice.—How many weeks were you there? Witness.—I was not there all the week, mind you. I was there two nights. I had no other engagement. The Lord Chief Justice.—That does not make £4 or £5 a week. Witness.—No; but I could earn that, and I was asked what I could earn. I have acted at the Garrick and other places. I have had other engagements offered me, and have my agent to prove it. The Lord Chief Justice.—We cannot go into that; they are indirect claims. (Laughter.) Cross-examined.—I sat with my face to the engine and my right hand was next the door. That I persist in. I went to my doctor on the Monday after the accident, and a few days afterwards I went to Mr. Levite, a lawyer's clerk. I had known him in my own profession. (Laughter.) I struggled through my performance the night after the accident, but I did not humbug. There was a "change of business." (Laughter.) I was only at the Trevor one week. The night after the accident I "worked" easier songs. (Laughter.) I expected a "shop" at the Standard. (Laughter.) Mr. Mackley said I should be sure to get it. Re-examined.—What did you sing the night after the accident? If you wish I will give you a specimen. (Loud laughter.) Mr. M'Intire.—If my lord has no objection I have none. The Lord Chief Justice.—This is quite a "change of business." (Renewed laughter.) Witness.—I sang "Clouds in the air." Mr. Sequiara described the nature of the injury. The jury, at the conclusion of the plaintiff's case, expressed their opinion that there was no evidence of negligence on the part of the defendant's servants. It was not even proved that a company's servant shut the door. The plaintiff's counsel, upon this expression of opinion, elected to be nonsuited. The case appears to have been fun for the court, but getting his fingers pinched and then to be non-suited, made it rather difficult for the plaintiff to see where the laugh should come in, it is to be presumed.

SWELL FOR SWELL.—Colonel Samuel Colt was in his life time disposed sometimes to be rather pompous. When he was building dwelling houses for the workingmen employed in his great pistol factory, he one day encountered a boy picking up chips on his grounds. "What are you doing here?" he asked gruffly. "Picking up chips, sir," replied the youngster, evidently overawed by the great presence. "Perhaps," exclaimed the colonel, drawing himself up with swelling dignity, "you don't know who I am? I'm Colonel Samuel Colt, and I live in that big house up yonder." The boy straightened up, and swelled out, and answered, "Perhaps you don't know who *I* am? I'm Patrick Murphy, and I live in that little shanty down yonder," pointing in the direction. "Sonny," said the colonel, blandly, patting the boy on the head, "Go and pick up all the chips you want, and when you get out come back for more."

IMPORTANCE OF READING.—No matter how obscure in life the position of an individual, if he can read, he may at will put himself in the best society the world has ever seen. He may converse with the greatest heroes of the past; with all the writers in prose and poetry. He may learn how to live, how to avoid the errors of his predecessors, and to secure blessings, present and future, to himself. He may reside in a desert far away from the habitations of man; in solitude, where no human eye looks upon him with affection or interest—where no human voice cheers him with the animating tones; if he has books to read he can never be alone. He may choose his company and the subject of his conversation, and thus become contented and happy, intelligent, wise and good. He thus elevates his rank in the world, and becomes independent in the best sense of the first in importance of the departments of school education.

THE BENEFITS OF USING TEA.—A Boston journal publishes a lengthy article on the properties of tea, in the course of which the writer says that it is no matter of wonder with him that the brain workers, in all the years since tea was introduced, have regarded it with the highest favor. It has a power to subdue irritability, refresh the spirits, and renew the energies, such as is possessed by no other agent. When the system of man is exhausted by labor or study, a cup of tea revigorates him and restores as no other form of food can.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Sentimental Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Jokes, Old Bills, Reminiscences, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

HELEN DAMNATION.

INTERLOCUTOR.—I say, Bones, who was the lady with whom I saw you promenading yesterday?

BONES.—Did yer see me? Yah! yah! Wasn't she about de fruit, hey? Dat was Mith Damnation.

INT.—Oh, no, Bones, that could not be the lady's name. We have many singular cognomens, but surely no member of the human family bears such a repulsive name as Damnation.

BONES.—Well, praps, sah, you knows more about de Cleopatra of moddern times dan I do; all right, sah! If you knows so much of her, scuse me from any farder interrogations.

INT.—Interrogations is *distingue*, Bones. Interrocations does you honor. But how did you get the impression that our fair acquaintance bears the name of Damnation?

BONES.—Do you err agen, sah! She is not fair. Berry unfair, sah. Doth not the poet man say, "To err am human, to forgive Divine?" She am an erring woman, but she nebber forgives Divine. Divine am her husband, and she pommelled him till he was black in de face as dis darkey. I seen her do it, sah! Divine he hollered like de loon, and he meandered about on de kitchen floor like de vine on de back fence.

INT.—Do you mean me to understand that Mr. Divine was on the back fence?

BONES.—No, sah! but he took a back seat.

INT.—Well, but that is not to the purpose. About her name, Bones?

BONES.—He didn't do it on purpose? Well, who thaid he did?

INT.—You misapprehend me, but never mind. Give us your reasons for thinking her name is Damnation. Please elucidate.

BONES.—Not much her name ains Luthy; nor am she out of date. Didn't you prognosticate her Dolly Varden? Does'nt that bespeak de 19th century.

INT.—Oh pshaw, you evade the point.

BONES.—Not in these boots, I don't evade nothing. I know better. I evaded my fare once and was fined five dollars and costs.

INT.—Are you John G. Saxe in disguise? You play upon words like a very pun-ist. Now, tell us about Miss Damnation.

BONES.—Scuse de transgressin, for de way ob de transgressor am hard. I tell you how it am. I was coming down de street de odder day and I heard such a noise as nebber was since de baby tower, and——

INT.—Tower of Babel, you mean, sir!

BONES.—Well, what's de difference? De tower nebber got its growth, derefore it am a baby. Don't interrupt me again, sah! Never heard such a noise, dere was Miss Damnation a punchin Divine wid a mop handle, and he was hollerin wid all him might. "Let me alone, Miss Damnation, let me alone, Helen Damnation; will you desist?"

INT.—Tally one for Bones and let us have

The Silent Dell.

In the silent dell I stray, down by the willow tree,
With hopes of long ago my bosom heaves;
Here, once in happiness I wandered,
Listening to the voice of Lou Amy Lee.
Chorus—In the silent dell I stray, down by the willow tree,
Shattered my hopes, alas! for she is lost to me.

Here, from the oak and pine she wreathed me garlands fair,
While in her ear I trolled my tale of love;
She was my life, my sunshine, my dear one—
I plucked the wild wood blossoms for her hair.
Chorus—In the silent dell I stray, etc.

The autumn winds that merely fanned my brow,
Wrecked her fair form and laid my darling low;
The angels heavenward have borne my treasure,
'Neath yonder mound she's sleeping now.
Chorus—In the silent dell I stray, etc. WALTER PHILLIPS.

REMINISCENCE OF THE GREENES.

Mr. James M. Munn, of Fort Bridges, W. T., contributes the following to our collection of bills of the past:—

NASHVILLE THEATRE.

Lessee	E. C. Hunfley
Acting Manager	W. M. Ward
Treasurer	H. Davis
Stage Manager	R. Jones
Prompter	H. Davis

Complimentary benefit of
MR. AND MRS. JOHN GREENE!
tendered to them by their friends, the citizens of Nashville, on which occasion MRS. W. M. WARD will make her last appearance.

MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 6TH, 1856,
will be presented the admirable comedy, in three acts, of the
LOVE CHASE!

Sir Wm. Fondlove	John Greene	Lawyer	Downs
Wildrake	W. M. Ward	Servant	Daly
Waller	Ferdon	Widow Greene	Mrs. J. Greene
Trueworth	Harrison	Constance	Mrs. W. M. Ward
Humphrey	Wolcott	Lydia	Kate Fisher
Neville	Lamb	Barbara	Mrs. Edward

After which, dance, Miss M. Partington.
To conclude with the excellent drama of
THE LAKE OF MYSTERY.

Capt. Cuttle	John Greene	Bragley	H. Davis
Mr. Dombey	W. M. Ward	Native	Demarest
Sol Gills	Wolcott	Withers	Daly
Boots	E. Lamb	Mrs. Skewton	Mrs. John Greene
Walter Gay	Harrison	Edith	Mrs. Vance
Major Joe Bagstock	Blake	Susan Nipper	Julia Miles
Jack Bunsby	Robt. Jones	Florence Dombey	Kate Fisher
Carker	Ferdon	Maid	Mrs. Edward
Bob, the grinder	Downs		

Prices of admission.—Dress Circle and Parquet, 75c.; Upper Circle, 50c.; Colored Box, 50c.; Colored Gallery, 25c. Private Boxes, exclusive rights, $3. Box office open from 9 to 12 A. M. and 3 to 5 P. M., when seats can be secured. Doors open at a quarter after 7 o'clock; performance commences at a quarter before 8 o'clock.

THAT SWEET LITTLE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

BY F. C. FILLEY.

There's a sweet little face at the window,
And it's loving and bright,
That out in the darkness are peering,
And watching for some one to-night;
Those pretty blue eyes will grow brighter
That one I alone, I am,
For I know that my darling is waiting,
Her blue eyes are watching for me.
Chorus—There's a sweet little face, etc.

I know that her fond heart is beating
With a love that no language can tell;
I know that I love her sincerely,
She knows that I love her as well;
For though the soul revels in blisses,
No tongue it's emotions can speak,
'Tis told in the sweet of a kisses,
And she'll soon press them warm on my cheek.
Chorus—There's a sweet little face, etc.

God bless that sweet face at the window,
That's glowing on me full of love,
And those pretty blue eyes that are beaming
On me from the casement above.
Hark! a rustle; I know she is coming,
As light o'er the stairway she trips,
Her white arms are clasping me fondly,
Her kisses are sweet on my lips.
Chorus—There's a sweet little face, etc.

MEMENTO OF MRS. MATT PEEL'S MINSTRELS.

CHATHAM AMPHITHEATRE!
(Late National Theatre).

WM. T. AYMAR.....Lessee and Proprietor
Attractions doubled! Engagement for a limited time of
MRS. MATT PEEL'S CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS
with Mr. Chas. White, and under the supervision of Mr. J. T. Huntley, together with
AYMAR'S GREAT AMERICAN CIRCUS!!
with a full Troupe of Riders, Vaulters, etc.
MONDAY and TUESDAY EVENING, Jan. 23d and 24th, 1860.
the entertainments will commence, at 7½ o'clock, with a full Equestrian Entertainment, by the
AMERICAN CIRCUS! with all its interludes of amusing novelties, to be followed by
MRS. MATT PEEL'S CAMPBELL MINSTRELS!
In their unapproachable Ethiopian Melange.

PART FIRST.

Overture.....Campbells	Grave of Lilly Dale.....L. Reese
Chorus, from "Gipsy's Warning".....Campbells	Song.....Daly
Good Bye, Sweet Heart, Good Bye.....J. W. Byer	O, Gently Breathe.....J. T. Huntley
Little Log Hut.....D. Reed	Irishman's Shanty.....D. Reed
	Quickstep.....Campbells

PART SECOND.

Accordeon Solo.....B. Coles	Virginny Breakdown.....D. Reed
Old Bob Ridley.....C. White	Mrs. McGowan's Reel
Bone Solo, with Imitations of Niel and Huntley	
Snare Drum.....D. Reed	Lecture on Woman's Rights. C. White
Ethiopian Fling.....J. T. Huntley	Essence of Old Virginny.....J. W. Byer
Banjo Solo.....J. Niel	Ballad.....J. W. Byer
Pas d'Imitation. C. White and J. T. Huntley	

The whole to conclude with the Laughable Extravaganza, entitled
THE SACK OF MYSTERY.

Fanny, a Fascinating Wench	J. T. Huntley
Sam, the Postman	C. White
Pompey, in love with Fanny	D. Reed

TO THE WALLACE SISTERS.

BY JOHN A. LANIGAN.

I know three maidens fair, with flowing, golden hair,
Each one's eyes, like azure skies,
Gleam, oh, so heavenly clear.
Even the stars by night, glitter not half so bright
As the eyes of Jennie, Maud and Minnie,
Beaming their mystic light.
And these maidens three, fair as fair can be,
Can play their parts like Cupid's darts,
Oh, how brilliantly!
When through the dance they glide, gently side by side,
Each and all, throughout the hall
Wondering gaze, and swell their praise,
And with one voice exulting cried,
None like Jennie, Maud and Minnie,
Sound their praises far and wide.

AN OLD ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE.

The following bill of the Seguin Opera Troupe of twenty-seven years ago, is kindly sent to us by Mr. Joseph Potter, of Philadelphia:—

CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA.
Admission—Boxes, 75 cents; pit, 50 cents.
STAGE MANAGER.....MR. RICHINGS
LESSEES.....MESSRS. PRATT & WEMYSS
Who assure the public that this opera will be produced, in every department, in a style of unequaled splendor.
ON MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 9th, 1845,
will be produced, for the fifth time, a new grand opera in three acts, entitled

LEONORA.
(The words original.)

The music composed by William H. Fry.
The scenery designed and executed by Russell Smith.
The costumes made by Mrs. Wanon and assistants.
The properties by Messrs. Welsh, Eastwood, Letsinger and assistants.
Stage carpenter, Mr. Griffith.
The orchestra consists of fifty performers, under the direction of Messrs. Meignen and Chubb.
The chorus includes seventy ladies and gentlemen.

CHARACTERS:—

Leonora, daughter of Valdor	Mrs. Seguin
Julio, a peasant	Mr. Fraser
Montalvo, a gentlemen of rank	Mr. Seguin
Eldor, a rich merchant	Mr. Richings
Alferes, a gentleman	Mr. Brunton
Mariana, sister of Julio	Miss F. Ince

A priest, a peasant, servants, &c.
CHORUS OF GENTLEMEN AND LADIES.

The plot of this opera is based upon the same story as the "Lady of Lyons." The scene is laid in Spain in the sixteenth century.

VATERLAND UBER DAS ZEE.

BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Fatherland, over the sea, home of my earlier days,
Wandering over from thee, gladly I sing in thy praise;
Over the ocean I roam far from the dear ones to me,
Far from the blessings of home, fatherland, over the sea.
Chorus—Fatherland, over the sea, home of my childhood's bright days,
Wandering ever from thee, gladly I sing in thy praise.

Ever in mem'ry there dwells sweet as the song of a dream,
Visions of fairy-like dells, blooming meadows and stream,
Murmuring rivers that glide down to the sands of the sea,
Bearing, perhaps, in their tide, messages dear unto me.
Chorus—Fatherland, over the sea, etc.

Fatherland, over the sea, pride of your children that roam
Far from each dear one and thee, gladly they call you sweet home;
Fondly each heart ever turns back to thy fair sunny strand,
For thy sweet joys ever yearns, fatherland, dear fatherland.
Chorus—Fatherland, over the sea, etc.

NEW YORK IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The following is a correct copy of an advertisement taken from the New York *Post* of Dec. 11th, 1789. To Mr. Whitt Charles, of Boston, are we indebted for it:—

THEATRE.
(Positively the last night)
BY THE OLD AMERICAN COMPANY.
THIS EVENING, DEC. 11TH, 1789.
will be presented a comedy called
THE BUSY BODY.
To which will be added a pantomimical romance, called
ROBINSON CRUSOE; OR, THE GENIUS OF COLUMBIA,
with entire new scenery, machinery, music, &c.
The former have a view of the falls of Passiack, taken from Captain Cook's voyage to Otaheite, New Zealand, &c., with a solemn
INDIAN INCANTATION.
The singing and recitation by Messrs. Harper and Wignell, and an
ALLEGORICAL FINALE.
Vivat republica.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

FORSAKEN.

[AFTER JOHN HAY.]

I've been deserted.
And its only but a moment since I rose;
But I'm weeping.
And the tears are running down my Roman nose.
Ah! me, this dreary life!
I'll end this weary strife!
Give me a knife.

Why this yowling?
Do you ask me why I carry on this way?
Well, I'm bowling!
And I guess that, if I want to, why I may.
Ah! me, I've lost my wife!
Ah! me, this dreary life!
Give me a knife.

She has scooted!
She skedadled with another man last week.
I'll be booted
If it doesn't show the blamedest, hardest cheek.
She yanked the stamps I bid,
She stole the spoons, she did,
And then she slid.

Is that whiskey?
Is it whiskey that you carry in the flask?
Well, it's risky
To give one any less than what there's in a cask.
Ah! well, I'll take a sip
To Jane, who's give the slip,
Here's let her rip!

ANOTHER REVEREND IN A FIX.

He is Charged with Seduction and Rape.

The Rev. Dr. Ruston, of Baltimore, accounts of whose misdoings have burdenened the telegraph for some months past, and furnished matter for newspaper comment from Maine to Oregon, is respectfully requested to hide his diminished head. The champion clerical scandal belt, which he wore with so much grace, has been ruthlessly torn from his grasp, and now adorns a brother minister not enjoying one-fourth of his perquisites, stationed at a mere settlement on the Illinois prairie. A short dispatch dated Shabona, De Kalb county, Illinois, published in the *Times* on Sunday morning, announced that a report was current there that a Methodist minister named E. G. Ribble had seduced several young girls of his flock, and succeeded in affecting his escape. On receipt of the information the reporter of the *Times* was dispatched to the scene of the alleged outrages, and after a brief sojourn in the neighborhood has succeeded in possessing himself of a net work of facts which will overstamp these disclosures as among the most remarkable clerical scandals on record. The village of Shabona, situated at the southern extremity of De Kalb county, about sixty miles due west from Chicago, is an old settlement, dating from the time when the Indian chief after whom it is named still held sway in that section. The old Indian settlement, from time immemorial, has been a recognized religious centre, sending out the Word for twenty miles around, and two tall spires still adorn the one street of the village. It was in one of these that the reverend Lothario held forth with an unction never to be forgotten. But his spiritual labors were not confined to Shabona. A little white church, six miles away, situated in what is known as the English settlement, and another an equal distance in an opposite direction, divided his attention in three equal parts, though his home was fixed in Shabona. The munificent salary of the shepherd of all these flocks is $600, which sum was fixed by the Rock River Conference when it placed him in charge, less than one year ago. He came with a clear bill, was highly recommended by that august body to the arcadian residents of the grove and the settlement, who welcomed him with open arms, and to-day will tell the wayfarer that the minister was the meekest among them who was so well beloved and brought so many sinners to grace. The English settlement soon became a favorite field for his labors, and last winter he instituted a series of protracted meetings, which were largely attended by the young people of the neighborhood. After the service it was customary with him to take one of the young ladies of his flock in his buggy, drive her home, and remain at the house of her parents for a night. He showed no partiality in the matter, and during the protracted meetings near a dozen different girls accompanied him. The parents being worthy, honest, well-to-do farmers, residing within a circle of five or six miles, were rather pleased to see their daughters in such pious company, never entertaining a suspicion that their lambs could come to grief at the hands of so pious a Christian, and himself the father of an interesting family of three children, the eldest past ten years of age. In time the good shepherd showed more discrimination, and selected only three or four young girls, each in the neighborhood of sixteen years, as the special objects of his pious attentions, and now and then he would devote himself to a single one for three or four evenings in succession. During the spring, in the seed time, there was a lull in the religious exercises, but about a month ago they again opened with an unusual fervor and continued for several weeks. During the period he again devoted himself to the young girls of his flock with his old warmth, though exciting no suspicion until near the close of the series. One of the young girls to whom he paid special attention is named Mary Holmes. She lost her mother less than a year ago, and with her father was the only occupant of the old farm-house. The girl suddenly evinced a strong dislike to her shepherd, and refused to go to meeting. She was questioned regarding the cause of the aversion, but long time refused to give any explanation. Finally she confided her secret to a young girl in the neighborhood, who, in turn, related it to her mother, she to her husband, and he to Mr. Holmes. The old father refused to believe the story when told, and expressed great indignation that his daughter should retail such horrible stories about their beloved minister. However, he questioned the young girl himself, and by her truthful manner soon te came convinced that her tale was founded on fact.

THE SECRET OUT.

The story she told was substantially as follows:—One evening, after a protracted meeting, she accompanied the Reverend Ribble to her home, where he expressed a desire to remain all night. During the drive his conduct somewhat startled her—it was so extremely loving in its nature—but as she had become a recent convert of his, she could attribute the feeling to the reporter of the *Times*, "I felt as some one had knocked me all of a heap; I thought of my Emily, and remembered that that scoundrel had driven her out just as he had Holmes' daughter. I went home in fear and trembling. I called my wife and said to her:—'Mother, I want you to talk to Emily and ask her if she has had anything to do with the Elder.' My wife wouldn't do it at first. She said it was non

four, of San Francisco, and the Farragut Club, of Vallejo, for the second prize, but the judges awarded the race to the former. Pioneers, 19:00; Farraguts, 19:02; California, 20:20. Several races came off at Sacramento, Cal., on the same day. A race in Whitehall boats, for $50, was won by the Fashion. The principal race was for four-oared boats, for $100, and was participated in by the Undine and Capital Clubs, of Sacramento; the Pioneers, of San Francisco, and the Stockton Club, the latter losing an outrigger and withdrawing shortly after starting. The Capital four—the Denny brothers—carried off the honors, Undine second.

THE SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—From the latest issue of the London *Sporting Life* to hand, we extract the following:—"J. B. Johnson has challenged Gurr. The stakes named are in ratio to the distance which separates 'The Flying Fish" and 'The Trapeze Tritonn." The present champion is ready to swim the emigrant champion from one to five miles, for £500, and will liberally allow Harry £50 for his expenses in crossing the Atlantic to swim in England. Nothing succeeds like success, and, as usual, there are numerous voices to declare that Johnson is invincible, and that even Harry Gurr, the fleetest of swimmers, would have no chance with him. We strongly doubt this. Johnson's tremendous strength of limb, developed by continuous acrobatic exercise, and the extraordinary power of his stroke, do, indeed, make him a formidable antagonist. But it is a general opinion among good judges of swimming that Gurr never swam to the end of his tether in the championship contests which he won before he left for the States. The lightning-like rapidity with which he shot away whenever called upon was proof that he always had a strong reserve force in his lithe and active limbs, and an unequaled quantity of wind in that deep, broad breast, which enabled the little champion to swim with his wondrously swift "screw" stroke." A match, however, would be the one way to settle the mooted question, and all swimmers would rejoice to see Gurr accept Johnson's challenge, and swim once more in English waters.

REGATTA AT MACON, GA.—The Macon regatta took place on Thursday, July 11th. There were three entries in the first race, viz.:—Frolic, Roff Club; Louise King, Empire Club; Lady Clare, Combination Club. The race was close and was won by the Frolic by about a length; time, 5:21¼. The second race was for canoes, and the entries were the Elvelyn, Mamie, Sarah Jane and Girl of the Period. A good start was made, and the race throughout was very fine. The boats came in as follows:—Sarah Jane, Mamie, Elvelyn and Girl of the Period. Time, 7:05. The feature of the day, however, was the single scull shell race between the two amateur experts, Messrs. Ross and Theus. The race, however, proved very unfortunate, as the shell of Theus' was fouled by one of the many little pleasure skiffs upon the river. The prizes were presented to the victors by the Alabama Society.

YACHTING AT SAN FRANCISCO.—The Master Mariners' Benevolent Association held its fifth annual sailing regatta at San Francisco, Cal., on July 4th. Nearly all of the thirty-seven sail entered started, the vessels being of all sizes and classes. The course was from a flag-boat moored off Market street wharf, southward to a stake-boat off Hunter's Point, thence north-easterly to a stake-boat off the Oakland bar, thence to the home flag-boat, making a distance of about thirty miles. The Caroline Mills took the lead at the start and kept it over the entire course. The Gazelle was second, Undine third, Elvenia fourth, followed by the Ino, Ada May, Fairy Queen and Challenge. The three first named won the prize of champion colors. Judges—Captains Thomas A. Thompson, Samuel A. Sommers and T. Collie. Referee—S. B. Peterson.

BOSTON WHITEHALL BOAT CLUB.—The annual sailing regatta of this club was held on July 17th, twenty boats entering, for a run to Long Island and back. The different boats started from off Lewis wharf at half-past 8 o'clock, and reached the Island in the following order:—Mary Jane, Capt. John Mearj; Phœnix, Capt. Robert Kennedy; Nellie, Capt. J. Lyons. The Mary Jane being the first boat to reach the Island, received the first prize of $100.

ROBERT BERRY AND HENRY COULTER, who fouled in the single scull race at the Buffalo regatta on July 4th, rowed over the course of three miles against time, for a purse of $200, on the 8th inst. Coulter tried first and covered the distance in 24 minutes, but the Canadian darkey took the money, his time being half a minute less than the champion's. Coulter continues in hard luck, but many believe it is his own fault.

THE DORCHESTER YACHT CLUB'S third regatta this season was held in Dorchester bay, Mass., on July 13th. There were thirty-one entries, divided into four classes, and the winners were as follows:—Clytie, Capt. Meredith; Fearless, Capt. Colburn; Elsie, Capt. Freeman; Sea Breeze, Capt. Gibbs; Fanny, Capt. Dean, and the Maud, Capt. Faller.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB held a meeting on the evening of July 18th, for the purpose of making preparations for the annual cruise to the eastward. The vessels intending to participate are to *rendezvous* at Glen Cove, L. I., on August 12th.

JOHN H. CUDWORTH, captain of Col. Degraw's yacht, the Kaiser William I., offers to sail her against any yacht of her size from off College Point, L. I. sound, to the lightship off Newport harbor and return, for a silver pitcher, &c., not to exceed $2,000 in value.

PAUDEEN HARRINGTON, of Springfield, Mass., says he's not averse to rowing O'Leary for a good sized stake, but as he is just now short of funds, he proposes to put up boats and oars upon the issue.

THE SCHOONER YACHT JOSEPHINE was capsized on July 15th, during the squall on New York bay, and sunk. She was raised on the 18th inst., and does not seem to have been injured much.

THE THAMES NATIONAL REGATTA, the greatest of all the annual watermen's meetings in England, is to be held on August 5th and 6th. The races will be the same as last year, and the Fours will be rowed without coxswains.

A MATCH for $1,000 a side has been made between the sloops Meteor and Bella, of the Bayonne Club, ten miles to windward and return. It will be sailed on Aug. 3d.

DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE will be rowed for on the Thames, Eng., on the 1st of August. It is open for competition by watermen only.

BASE BALL.

THE GAME AT NEW ORLEANS.

On July 14th, the base ball fraternity of the Crescent City made a general turn out, and quite a number of games, by several clubs, were played on that date, as will be seen by the following scores and statistics:—

WASHINGTON vs. PELICAN.

Washington.	R.	1B.	P.O.	Pelican.	R.	1B.	P.O.
Mills, 1st b	1	2	9	Morgan, ss	3	1	2
Molda, p	5	2	1	Ford, 3d b	4	1	2
Magnon, 1 f	5	2	4	Brown, 1 f	2	1	4
T. Jones, 3d b	2	2	4	Martha, 2d b	2	2	1
Walker, 3d b	2	2	1	Bretton, c f	0	0	0
J. Jones, s s	4	2	1	Miller, 1st b	1	0	6
Hooper, r f	2	1	0	Betz, 3d b	1	2	5
Foley, c f	4	2	1	Gaffney, c	2	1	5
Hoffman, c	4	5	5	Dietrich, c f	3	0	2
Totals	39	23	27	Totals	18	8	27

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Washington	3	6	0	0	0	3	1	12	0—39
Pelican	0	0	1	6	4	0	3	4	1—18

Umpire—Wm. Limekuhler, of the Mutuals.

CRESCENT vs. EXCELSIOR.

Crescent.	R.	1B.	Excelsior.	R.	1B.
Pettus, 1st b	2	3	Ferry, 2d b	4	0
Flood, s s	3	3	Fay, s s	4	1
Tracey, 3d b	1	2	Sheehan, c	4	1
Noland, c	4	1	Zelenki, 1 f	5	1
Fitz, r f	3	2	Tebault, c	3	1
Rogers, c f	5	0	Maxent, c f	2	1
Malone, p	4	0	Smith, 1st b	1	1
Wood, 1 f	4	0	Casey, 3d b	1	2
Clark, 2d b	3	2	Clinton, r f	3	0
Total	16		Total	8	

Umpire—Mr. John Curry, of the R. E. Lee Club.

MAGNOLIA vs. CAPITAL.—Nines of these clubs played at the Fair grounds for a silver mounted bat, which resulted in the defeat of the Magnolias. The following is the score by innings:—

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Capitals	6	2	0	2	5	15	6	8	1	—45
Magnolias	2	2	4	0	0	1	5	1	1	—21

FLY TIPS.—The Greleys defeated the Bostons. Score, 36 to 22.....The Mutuals were beaten by one run, by the Floridas, by 35 to 34.....The Æolians beat the Grasshoppers. Score, 20 to 18.....The Washington Jr's put a head on the Shoo Flys by the score of 40 to 38.....The Young Southerns were put in their little beds by the Right Ways. Score 15 to 4.....The famous Green Stockings were defeated by the Nine Roses. Score, 19 to 7.....The Clippers were beaten by the Lazies. Score, 28 to 24.....The Lone Star Jr's., were badly beaten by the Morgans. Score, 58 to 18.....The Shoo Flys beat the Kenos by 14 to 12.....The Welcomes were beaten by the Progress. Score, 17 to 8.....The Unknown beat the Surprise. Score, 28 to 17.....The Wide Awakes beat the Aloes by 16 to 10.....The Floridas beat the Atlantics by 27 to 6.....All the above games were played on July 14th. "THE MATE."

DRAMATIC vs. SILVER STAR.

These two amateur clubs played their first game together on July 18th, at Bergen, N. J., which resulted in the defeat of the latter, as per the appended score:—

Dramatic.	O.	R.	Silver Stars.	O.	R.
Moore, 1st b	5	3	Kesler, 3d b	3	5
Lynch, c	5	3	Furroy, p	4	0
McQuade, r f	5	3	Carsle, c	4	1
Beach, ss	5	2	Antone, 1st b	3	2
McDermott, c f	5	3	McCarty, s s	4	0
Fallon, p	5	1	Bush, r f	4	0
Gilmore, 3d b	5	3	McDonell, 1 f	3	2
Vill, 1 f	5	3	Buchanan, c f	3	1
O. Lynch, 2d b	4	1	Donohue, 2d b	3	1
Total	43	22	Total	31	11

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Dramatic	5	1	2	1	3	5	1	4	5—22
Silver Stars	1	0	2	0	1	5	1	0	1—11

Umpire—R. Bradford, Perry B. B. C.

CLIPPER vs. UTICA.

The former club of Ilion, and the latter of Utica, N. Y., played a match on the 13th inst. at the first named place, of which we append the score:—

Clipper.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	Utica.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Davis, s s	3	1	0	2	W. Davis, s s	0	1	2	2
Twiss, p	5	4	0	3	Mathews, 3d b	2	1	0	2
Myers, 1st b	5	3	10	0	Walker, 1st b	0	1	18	0
Hotaling, c	5	5	8	0	French, 1 f	0	0	1	0
Nase, c f	5	3	1	0	Hall, c	0	0	9	2
Naylor, 1 f	5	4	3	0	Burns, c	1	0	2	2
Budlong, r f	4	1	0	0	Horning, 2d b	1	3	2	4
Jones, 2 b	3	2	2	4	Wilsey, r f	1	1	2	0
Latham, 3d b	4	3	3	1	Martin, c f	1	1	2	0
Totals	39	26	27	10	Totals	5	9	11	27	15

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Clipper	2	6	4	5	0	3	1	4	1—26
Utica	0	1	0	4	3	0	0	1	—9

Umpire—Mr. Alfred Sheppard, of the Batchelor B. B. Club. Time of game—2 hours 15 minutes.

DRAMATIC vs. DOLLY VARDEN.

These two clubs played their first match game together on July 19th, at Bergen, N. J., the Dramatics being once more victors, as the following score exhibits:—

Dramatic.	O.	R.	Dolly Vardens.	O.	R.
Moore, 1st b	4	2	Tunoch, p	1	1
Lynch, c	4	2	Hornley, 1st b	0	0
Fallon, c f	4	2	Bradley, p	3	0
McDermott, 2d b	3	2	Decker, s s	2	0
Fallon, p	4	3	Fleeney, c f	3	0
Gilmore, 1 f	3	3	Philips, 2d b	4	0
Vill, r f	3	3	O'Brien, r f	4	0
Dooley, 3d b	3	2	McDermott, 1 f	3	1
			Fleming, 3d b	3	1
Total	28		Total	3	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Dolly Vardens	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	3
Dramatic	5	1	2	1	0	3	2	7	5—25

Umpire—Mr. Norton, of the Champions.

NIAGARA vs. AMATEUR.—The following is the score by innings of a game played by nines of these clubs at Downington, Pa., on July 18th:—

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Amateur	0	3	0	2	0	0	7	1	0	5—18
Niagara	0	2	1	2	2	0	0	0	1	0—13

Flycatcher—Amateur, 11; Niagara, 5.

OLYMPIC vs. PATAPSCO.

These clubs, of Baltimore, Md., played a match on the 18th inst., for the junior championship and a bat and ball, which the former won, as will be seen by the appended score:—

Olympic.	O.	R.	Patapsco.	O.	R.
Johns, 1 f	3	4	Morgan, r f	4	0
Mayberry, c	3	3	Cynosky, 1 f	3	2
Clark, c f	4	4	McLaughlin, s s	1	3
McCubbin, 1st b	4	2	Elias, 1st b	2	3
Thomas, 2d b	3	3	Daley, p	2	1
Berry, s s	3	4	Blackwier, 2d b	3	1
Rogers, r f	3	3	West, c	3	1
Bloor, p	3	2	Hollhouse, c f	3	1
Gebb, 3d b	4	1	Kelly, 3d b	3	1
Total	30		Total	27	17

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Olympic	4	3	4	3	10	0	2	0	4—30
Patapsco	1	3	5	3	0	0	0	5	1—17

Umpire—James Stevenson. Time of game, stopped at the close of the 7th innings on account of darkness, 2 hours and 45 minutes.

NATIONAL vs. LONE STAR.

These clubs, of Pottsville, Pa., played a game on the 17th inst., which the Nationals won by a total of 24 to 19, as recorded in the following score:—

National.	O.	R.	Lone Star.	O.	R.
Greaff, c	3	4	Boyle, 1 f	3	1
Leonard, c f	4	3	Mack, c	3	1
Dock, 2d b	1	3	Bacon, p	4	1
Mack, 1st b	3	2	Boyle, c s	4	2
Patterson, 1 f	5	1	Seltzenger, r f	3	2
Douty, r f	3	3	Lees, c f	3	1
Wren, p	4	2	McMichel, 2d b	3	0
Rosebery, 3d b	3	3	Boyle, 1st b	3	2
Seltzenger, s s	4	3	McCune, 3d b	3	2
Total	34		Total	29	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
National	3	0	2	6	3	5	1	0	5	—24
Lone Star	1	0	6	3	1	3	5	1	0	1—19

Umpire—Mr. Ward of the Eckford Club.

THE TURF.

THE SARATOGA JULY RACE MEETING.

SECOND DAY, MONDAY, JULY 15th.

TAMMANY WINS THE STEEPLE CHASE, MIDDAY THE MILE AND THREE-QUARTER DASH, AND ALARM THE THREE-QUARTER MILE RACE. THE FASTEST THREE-QUARTER MILE TIME ON RECORD.

The racing was resumed on Monday, the 15th inst., both turfmen and horses enjoying the rest which Sunday afforded. The weather was very sultry, but the numerous assemblage of visitors that filled the grand stand did not seem to care for the tropical heat, so interested were they in the day's racing, and especially the steeple chase, which always affords a large attendance, especially of the ladies. The track was in splendid condition, and, as will be seen, extraordinary fast time was made during the day, the three-quarter mile time being the fastest on record on the American turf. The equestrianity of the female world here was disturbed by a sensational scene between John Morrissey, who is a prominent member of the Saratoga race association, and Mr. W. Alexander, the owner of Helmbold and other race horses. It seems that a movement has been agitated among owners of horses for the two meetings at Long Branch and Saratoga to be held together; the former in the month of July and the latter in August; thus avoiding the necessity of the stables traveling from one place to the other and back. It was proposed that both the Monmouth Park meetings should take place in the month of July, and the two Saratoga meetings in the succeeding month. A meeting of race-horse owners was convened, at which Mr. Travers, the president of the Saratoga Association, objected to the proposed alteration on the ground that the hotel keepers there had contracted with the association to hold a meeting in July for years, contributing thereto $10,000 yearly, and they had paid in advance $30,000 to the association. If, therefore, the July meeting was done away with, the association would be sued for breach of contract, and consequent heavy damages. They are strongly in favor of a meeting in July, as the season has not fairly commenced then, and the races then bring a vast number of visitors to the place, thus lengthening the busy season. This argument prevailed and the movement was abandoned.

The steeple chase was won by Tammany, beating Lobelia, Astronomer, Vesuvius and Milesian, after a fine race. The latter would probably have won, but in running he went outside the flags which marked the course, as did also Tammany and Vesuvius, but the rider of Milesian, discovering the error, pulled up his horse, retraced his steps, and went between the flags, as was proper. This lost him the race, for it gave Tammany a commanding lead, which he held throughout and won the race, with Lobelia second. The rider of the latter (Murphy) made an objection to the winner, on the ground that Tammany had not kept the proper course, as laid out, going outside instead of between the flags. Strange to say, although the rules of steeple chasing are very clear and explicit on this point, the judges singularly decided that it was not necessary to go between the flags, that the horses could go outside them, and they awarded the race to Tammany. This extraordinary decision gave great dissatisfaction to the backers of Lobelia (who was second) and Milesian, and caused a general inquiry what good it was to have a course laid out and distinguished by flags if the riders were allowed to go outside of them.

The mile and three-quarter dash was won by Mr. Doswell's speedy mare Midday, beating Allie Hunt, Metella and John Merryman with great ease. Midday is a daughter of Imported Eclipse and Ninnette by Revenue, and possesses in a high degree the speed which Eclipse bestows on all his progeny. She has done good service to Mr. Doswell during her career, having already won four races for him this season.

The last race, a dash of three-quarters of a mile, was won by Hunter & Travers' fine colt Alarm, beating nine others in hollow style in 1:16, the fastest time on record for the distance. The winner is a grand-looking, racing-like colt, by Eclipse, out of the imported mare Maud, by Stockwell, possesses an immense turn of speed, and if he can stay over a distance, Messrs. Hunter & Travers have thrown away a splendid chance in not starting him in the great three year old stakes, the Belmont, Travers and Jersey Derby, for which he was entered, and which he would probably have won.

THE STEEPLE-CHASE,

for a purse of $1,000, divided into $800 for the winner and $200 for second horse, had five runners—Bannatyne's Milesian, 5 years, 154 lbs, ridden by Hyland; Donahue's Tammany, 5 years, 151 lbs, ridden by Gaffney; Thompson's Lobelia, aged, by Sonnie Scotland, 150 lbs, ridden by Murphy; Tully's Vesuvius, 5 years, 151 lbs, ridden by his owner; and Shea's Astronomer, 4 years, 148 lbs, ridden by Sutcliffe. Milesian was the favorite, selling for $450; Tammany, $70; Lobelia, $55; Vesuvius, $45; and Astronomer, $40. A good start was had, Vesuvius and Milesian leading, with Tammany close up, and they took the jumps in this order the first circuit of the course, in splendid style, none of them making a mistake. On the second circuit of the course, Milesian, who had been lying third, but within striking distance, followed Tammany and Vesuvius outside the flags, but immediately discovering that he had done wrong, Hyland pulled up his horse and turned back into the proper course, while Tammany and Vesuvius continued right on. The rider of Lobelia, who was behind, seeing the mistake made by the leaders, took the proper course, and followed the leader, Milesian, losing so much ground by turning back that his chance was hopeless. Tammany, in the lead, continued to make the running and take the jumps in fine style; a fine race up the homestretch with Lobelia ending in Tammany winning the race by four lengths; Vesuvius third, and Milesian last. Time, 6:17. The rider of Lobelia, on returning to weigh, made a claim that the winner had gone on the wrong side of the flag designating the course, and that he was not entitled to the purse; Hyland, the rider of Milesian, claiming the same. The judges held that the horses were not bound to keep inside the flags although the rules expressly state to the contrary), and awarded the race to Tammany. Summary:—

SARATOGA, N. Y., July 15th, 1872.—SECOND DAY OF THE JULY MEETING OF THE SARATOGA ASSOCIATION.—FIRST RACE.—Purse, $1,000; steeple chase, for all ages, over about three miles of a fair hunting course; the winner to receive $800; second horse, $200.

J. Donohue entered ch g Tammany, 5 yrs old, by Lexington, dam Liz Mardis, 151 lbs.....Gaffney 1
J. Thompson entered br m Lobelia, aged, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Capitola, 155 lbs.....Murphy 2
J. H. Tully entered b g Vesuvius, 5 yrs old, by Vandyke, dam Lizzie Berry, 151 lbs.....Owner 3
R. Shea entered br h Astronomer, 4 yrs old, by Asteroid, dam Miss Carter, 148 lbs.....Sutcliffe 0
D. J. Bannatyne entered ch h Milesian, 5 yrs old, by Mickey Free, dam by Wagner, 154 lbs.....Hyland 0
Time, 6:17.

THE SECOND RACE

was for a purse of $600, for all ages, to carry 100lbs, one mile and three-quarters, and had four entries—Doswell's Midday, Davis' Allie Hunt, Hall's John Merryman, and Reynolds' Metella. Midday was a hot favorite, winning in pools for $1,000; Allie Hunt, $225; Metella, $210, and John Merryman, $60. Metella made the running when the flag fell, followed by the favorite, pulling double, John Merryman third, and Allie Hunt last, and they continued thus to the stand. As they went under the string Metella was half a length in front of Midday, while Allie Hunt led John Merryman the same distance. Midday waited until approaching the home-stretch turn before she made her run, and the moment Gibson gave her her head she shot past Metella, and, galloping on, won easily by two lengths; John Merryman, who passed Metella half way up, being second, and Allie Hunt last. The latter, although good, was not so fast by 1½ seconds as Joe Daniels had run the same course in the Travers Stakes on the previous Saturday. Summary:—

SAME DAY.—SECOND RACE.—Purse, $600; for all ages; 5 per cent entrance to go to the second horse; dash one and three-quarter miles.

T. W. Doswell entered b m Midday, 5 yrs old, by imp. Eclipse, dam Ninette; 100lbs.....Gibson 1
F. M. Hall entered b h John Merryman, 4 yrs old, by Eugene, dam La Rose; 100lbs.....Rice 2
J. W. Hunt Reynolds entered ch m Metella, 5 yrs old, by imp. Australian, dam La Grand Duchess; 100lbs.....Lakeland 3
T. B. & W. R. Davis entered b h Allie Hunt, 6 yrs old, by Vandal, dam Norah Creina; 100lbs.....Henry 0
Time, 3:09¾.

THE THIRD RACE

was a dash of three-quarters of a mile, for a purse of $400, for all ages, and had nine runners out of the ten entries; the absentee being Lochiel. The starters were Hunter's Alarm, Carroll & Coar's Ortolan, Wither's Elsie, McDaniel's Lady Motley, Harbeck's Frank Swift, Davis' Piedmont, Belmont's Kingfisher, and Reynold's Elsie. Kingfisher, on the strength of his running on Saturday, when he showed such brilliant speed against Paddleen, running the mile in 1:43¾, was made a great favorite, selling for $1,100; Alarm, $250; Platina, $250; Ortolan, $105, and the field, $115. After considerable delay in starting them, a miserable send-off was had, the favorite being left behind, and Wither's Elsie and Ortolan being almost in the same predicament. Frank Swift, Lady Motley, Piedmont and Alarm were the first off, some distance in advance of the others. They ran across the dragout track at a clinking pace, and as they turned into the regular course near the half mile pole, Alarm and Platina were lapped a length before Frank Swift, Withers' Elsie fourth, and Lady Motley and Kingfisher was so far behind, that Gradwell, seeing he had no possible chance of catching his horses, very sensibly pulled him up, lending many to erroneously suppose that horse had broken down. On the lower stretch Alarm parted company with Platina, Mr. Withers' Elsie taking second place. At the head of the stretch Alarm had the race safe, and coming along at a rattling pace, won with great ease by four lengths in 1:14, the fastest three-quarter mile time on record. Summary:—

SAME DAY.—THIRD RACE.—Purse, $400, for all ages; carrying weight for age; 5 per cent entrance to go to second horse; dash of three-quarters of a mile.

John Harper entered ch f Platina, 3 yrs old, by Eclipse, dam Astroilte; 87lbs.....Walker 1
D. McDaniels entered ch c Alarm, 3 yrs old, by Planet, dam Fairy; 90lbs.....Lakeland 2
Carroll & Coar entered br h Ortolan, 5 yrs old, by Doneraill, dam Canary Bird; 114lbs.....Brown 3
D. D. Withers entered br m Elsie, 4 yrs old, by imp. Leamington, dam imp. Babita; 106lbs.....Taylor 0
J. W. Hunt Reynolds entered ch f Elsie, 3 yrs old, by imp. Bonnie Scotland, dam La Grand Duchess; 87lbs.....Taylor 0
D. McDaniels entered b f Lady Motley, 3 yrs old, by Lexington, dam Lee Paul's dam; 87lbs.....McCabe 0
J. H. Harbeck, Jr. entered gr c Frank Swift, 3 yrs old, by Eugene, dam Faith; 90lbs.....Jackson 0
A. Belmont entered b h Kingfisher, 3 yrs old, by Lexington, dam Kitham Lass; 114lbs.....Gradwell 0
Coffin & Lawrence entered b h Lochiel, 4 yrs old, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Bonnet; 100lbs.....dr.
Time, 1:16.

THIRD DAY, TUESDAY, JULY 16TH.

GREAT VICTORY OF THE EASTERN CHAMPION OVER THE GREAT WESTERN HERO.—HARRY BASSETT DEFEATS LONGFELLOW FOR THE SARATOGA CUP IN THE FASTEST TIME ON RECORD.—CATESBY WINS THE SARATOGA STAKES.—BUCKEYE AND LADY LIZZY PLANEY RUN A DEAD HEAT IN THE THREE YEAR OLD RACE.

Tuesday, the 16th July, witnessed the most remarkable race ever recorded in the annals of the American turf. On that day the colors of the mighty equine champion of Kentucky, the world-famed Longfellow, went down in the dust before the renowned Harry Bassett, the representative racing champion of the Eastern turf, who on this memorable day retrieved the laurels which his great rival had plucked from him in the Monmouth Cup at Long Branch on the 3d of July, and covered himself with never-dying fame as the best race horse that ever trod the American turf. We recently recorded in the CLIPPER the race between these famous horses at Monmouth Park, and gave a full account of Longfellow's racing performance up to that time. How Harry Bassett was obliged to succumb to the great son of Leamington and Santurah on that occasion, and the easy style in which he was beaten, we have already recorded. That Harry Bassett was not himself on that day we felt convinced, and so stated at the time, his whole racing career, unparalleled in brilliancy and triumphant success, affording unanswerable evidence that he was completely out of condition and unfit to run, although to the eye of the critical observer he appeared to be in his usual health and fine order. The fact, that all the horses in Col. McDaniels' stable that ran and were beaten at the meeting at Long Branch—Joe Daniels, Abdel Korse and Harry Bassett—were completely out of racing fix, has, at Saratoga, been indisputably established. Joe Daniels, who was easily beaten by Meteor in the Jersey Derby, here turned the tables on his Long Branch conqueror, and defeated him so far in the Travers Stakes, that he was not able even to gain a place in the race. The same day Harry Bassett came out in the mile and a quarter sweepstakes, and although opposed by such proved good and fleet horses as Lyttleton, Ortolan and Victoria, he cut them down without an effort. It was this performance which convinced his astute owner and trainer that his idolized favorite was himself again, and determined him to run him against his conqueror, Longfellow, in the Saratoga Cup, and thereby test the truth of the Long Branch running. He had tried Harry Bassett too highly in private, and seen him win his races in public too easily, to believe that he could be beaten as easily as Longfellow had done if he was really in order and sound health. How correct and sound his judgment has been proved, the issue of the great race has clearly shown. In the fastest run race ever witnessed on the turf, either of America or England, he made the running from start to finish, and was never headed in any portion of it by his fleet antagonist. A more decisive victory was never known, and the congratulations of the renowned victor is brighter than it ever was; his reputation as a race horse more brilliant than before.

THE FIRST RACE

was the Saratoga Stakes for two year olds, a sweepstakes of $50 each, play or pay, with $1,000 added by the association; colts to carry 120 lbs., fillies 97 lbs.; three-quarters of a mile. There were 42 nominations, but the death of Mr. James R. Watson reduced the number to 40, making the value of the stake exactly $3,000. There were eleven horses entered, viz., A. Belmont's Electra and Count d'Orsay; F. Morris' Long Branch, known as the Mollie Jackson colt; Hunter and Travers' Reviler; Coar's The Nurse; Gov. Bowie's Catesby; D. Swigert's Springbok; Col. McDaniels' Corn Lass; M. A. Littell's Fellow Craft; R. W. Walden's Minnie W., and Leonard Jerome's ch c by Australian. It was a very heavy betting race, Springbok, who had won the two year old stakes at Jerome Park, being made the favorite, while Hunter and Travers' Reviler was backed for loads of money, owing to his being very highly tried. Springbok sold for $500; Reviler, $250; Belmont's pair, $200; Catesby, $100; Long Branch, $90, and the field $80a. After a good deal of delay the flag fell to a fair start, Reviler being in front, with Jerome's colt next, Belmont's pair third and fourth, and Long Branch next, the rest being bunched together. They ran across the enclosure to the main track, creating such a cloud of dust that nothing was distinguishable for some time. When they did come in sight, Electra was in front, followed closely by Jerome's colt and Reviler; Catesby two lengths behind them, and the others strung out. As they turned into the home-stretch, Electra and Reviler were lapped, with Long Branch next, followed by Count d'Orsay, Catesby and Jerome's colt coming up the stretch. Long Branch challenged and passed Electra, and seemed to have the race won, when suddenly Jackson sent up Catesby with a lightning rush, cut down Electra in a few strides, and challenging Long Branch at the distance, defeated him after a momentary struggle, and galloped home an easy winner by two lengths, Long Branch second and Electra third. The time, 1.17¾, was the fastest the Saratoga Stakes has ever been run in. The winner is a handsome bay colt, about 15¾ hands in height, with a strip of white on his face, and three white feet. He is by imported Eclipse, out of Katie, by Two Bits, and his unfashionable pedigree, on the dam's side, caused him to be overlooked in advance of the others. They ran across the dragout track at a clinking pace, and as they turned into the regular course near the half mile pole, Alarm and Platina were lapped a length before Frank Swift, Withers' Elsie fourth, and Lady Motley and Kingfisher was so far behind, that Gradwell, seeing he had no possible chance of catching his horses, very sensibly pulled him up, lending many to erroneously suppose that horse had broken down. On the lower stretch Alarm parted company with Platina, Mr. Withers' Elsie taking second place. At the head of the stretch Alarm had the race safe, and coming along at a rattling pace, won with great ease by four lengths in 1:14, the fastest three-quarter mile time on record. Summary:—

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D. D. Withers entered br m Elsie, 4 yrs old, by imp. Leamington, dam imp. Babita; 106lbs.....Taylor 0
J. W. Hunt Reynolds entered ch f Elsie, 3 yrs old, by imp. Bonnie Scotland, dam La Grand Duchess; 87lbs.....Taylor 0
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J. H. Harbeck, Jr. entered gr c Frank Swift, 3 yrs old, by Eugene, dam Faith; 90lbs.....Jackson 0
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THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

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LADIES' LIST.

Archer, Fanny (3)
Adams, Lucy
Atkins, Lou
Atkinson, Mrs. J.
Brent, Eva
Berrell, Mrs. M. L.
Benson, Jenny (3)
Bean, Fanny
Babb, Annie
Bogel, Mary
Drayton, Gussie
Chippendale, Alfy
Cowell, Sydney
Cook, Emma
Clifton, Viola (2)
Charles, Genevieve
Claire, Emma
Clinton, Sarah
De Forest, Zoe (2)
Davis, Mrs. C.
Dark, Lizzie
Dubois, Marcille
De Brent, Amy
Emmesetta, Miss 3c.
Freeman Sisters (2)
Freeman, Susie D. (2)
Fisher, Miss J.
Farran, Josie
Fuller, Mary (2)
Fontaine Sisters, A.
Gardner, Carrie
Gray, Minnie Oscar
Graham, Emma
Gordon, Bella (2)
Hopgood, Rose
Howe Sisters
Hughes, Jennie
Hardman, Maria S.
Holloway, Palmira
Harland, Miss
Jee, Miss M.
Jerome, Martha
Jones, Melinda
Joster, Bessie W.
Kelleher, Susan G.
Lee, Fannie (2)
Lola, Mlle.
Martin, Clara
Morton, Jennie
Marvel, Amalie
Miller, Mary T. (2)
May, Georgie
Meade, Emma
Montgomery, Mrs.
Mack, Annie 13c.
Millett, Emily
Mayo, Ella
Mowton, Jennie
McClellan, Jennie
Maddern, Mary
McKenzie, Mrs. Jas.
Nixon, Adelaide
Oates, Mrs. J. A.
Palmer, Laura
Phillips, Matilda
Rowell, Kitty
Rose Mlle.
Ryan, Mrs. Sam R. 10c
Robinson, Ida
Richards, Pauline (3)
Riddell, Lute (2)
Selwyn, Blanche (2)
Schoolcraft McLuke
Seamon, Minnie
Thorp, Hattie
Vane, Isabel
Wemyss, Ella
Wharton, Carrie
Williams, Mrs. J. L.
Worrell, Jennie
Warren Sisters & Dolly
Walby, Josephine 3c.
Zeonetti, Mlle.
Zanfretta, Dody

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Adams, Chas.
Aiken, Albert W.
Abearn, Maurice
Abbott, John W.
Allyne, R. T. (2)
Agent, Jno. Robinson's Circus
Atkins, W. J.
Bartour, W. W.
Bowland, Geo.
Bryant, Dan
Bliss, Ernest
Brockway, W. H.
Blanchette, Frank
Backenstose, Ed.
Brooks, Almond L.
Bruce, C. Amory
Buckholtz, Richd.
Barr, O. H. 3c.
Bonnar, Robt.
Barnabo, Adolph
Bonton, Chas. H.
Browning, W. (2)
Bard, John L.
Beatty, Vincent
Brown & Sanford
Bray, Walter
Burrows, Billy
Barton, W. C.
Brown, Ben (3)
Bennett, Lewis
Cohen, Jerry
Chriski, Martini
Cook, Johnnie
Charlock, J. H.
Clinton, Jack
Collins, O. B.
Cappell, Daniel
Clark, Dan
Chaplain, G. D.
Collins, Sam (2)
Cotton, Sr., Ben
Charles, Geo. W.
Cole, Lewis
Carter, J. B.
Cook, Jacob
Clapham, Harry J. (2)
Coleman, Edwd.
Cohan, Tim
Carlton, Wm.
Chapman, Geo. (3)
Dingess, John
Davey, Thos.
De Groot, C. P.
Duprez, Chas. H.
De Haven, Claude
Dickinson, Chas.
Dillon, Frank
Dailey, John V.
Dunspaugh, H. F.
Daly, Tommy 3c.
Datallie, Mons. (3)
Eunice, Wm. (2)
Elsman, Fmil (2)
Edwin, Chas. E.
Eckert, Jimmy
Frasier, Robt. C.
Forespaugh, Jr., Wm.
Frankum, Geo. (2)
Flanagan, Edwd.
Frank, Tony
Postelle
Fox, Wm. B. (2)
French, Harry
Fowler, W. W.
Fowler, Joe
Fox, Joe
Freeman, J. Harry
Friends, R.
Graver, G. A.
Gilmore, E.
Gorman, Dick (2)
Gulick, Jas. G.
Gaylord, Willie
Graham, Nelson
Grereton, W. A.
Gibbons, Eddie
Griffith, Edwin S.
Griffith, W. H.
Gregston, W. H.
Harrigan, Ned
Henry, Chas.
Hart, Bob
Harcourt, Geo.
Hickey, F. M.
Holman, Chas. U.
Hicks, C. B. (2) 3c.
Heaton's Minstrels
Hoffmeister, Fr.
Howard, Dan. F.
Herman, W. H.
Hughes, Mark (2)
Huber, W. Clark
Hopgood, Rose
Howe Sisters
Hughes, Jennie
Hardman, Maria S.
Holloway, Palmira
Harland, Miss
Jee, Miss M.
Jerome, Martha
Jones, Melinda
Joster, Bessie W.
Kelleher, Susan G.
Lee, Fannie (2)
Lola, Mlle.
Martin, Clara
Morton, Jennie
Marvel, Amalie
Miller, Mary T. (2)
May, Georgie
Meade, Emma
Montgomery, Mrs.
Mack, Annie 13c.
Millett, Emily
Mayo, Ella
Mowton, Jennie
McClellan, Jennie
Maddern, Mary
McKenzie, Mrs. Jas.
Nixon, Adelaide
Oates, Mrs. J. A.
Palmer, Laura
Phillips, Matilda
Rowell, Kitty
Rose Mlle.
Ryan, Mrs. Sam R. 10c
Robinson, Ida
Richards, Pauline (3)
Riddell, Lute (2)
Selwyn, Blanche (2)
Schoolcraft McLuke
Seamon, Minnie
Thorp, Hattie
Vane, Isabel
Wemyss, Ella
Wharton, Carrie
Williams, Mrs. J. L.
Worrell, Jennie
Warren Sisters & Dolly
Walby, Josephine 3c.
Zeonetti, Mlle.
Zanfretta, Dody
Norman, Harry
O'Brien, Ted
Oofty Goofy
Oaks, Dave
Porter, W. J.
Pike, Lew R.
Pettit, Seaman S.
Pfrimmer, Jr., Chas.
Paul, Wm. M.
Preston, Geo. H.
Pollock, Mr.
Prindel, Johnny
Price, Leonette
Robbins & Co.
Rogers, Neil
Roberts, N. B.
Rubini, Sig.
Reynolds, Jimmy
Robinson, Harry
Riggs, Thos. G.
Rogers, J. N.
Stutts, J. G.
Stickney, Robt. T.
Seville, Hy.
Shaw, Geo. A.
Sexton, Hy. R. (2)
Sheridan & Mack
Sloane, Joseph
Shaw, Capt. J. T.
Spaulding, W. F.
Stetler, Ed.
Skellette, E. S.
Sodan, Robt. A.
Steele, Karl 10c.
Smith, Doc.
Sexton, J. C.
Smith, Johnny
Subera, H.
Sanyeah, Sam.
Sharpley, Sam.
Turner, Ned.
Turner & Leader
Thorogood, Harry
Tyler, G.
Underwood, C. M.
Whittaker, Frank
Ward, Jas.
Wahlstedt, D. G. (2)
Wellmer, Chas.
Williams, Jesse (2)
Wheeler, S. O.
Ward, Jas. T.
Weston, Harry
Withers, Wm.
Williams, Gus. (2)
Wallace, Leon
Walhalla, John
Wood, John A.
Whalon, Willie
Washburn, Wm. H.
Wildman, F. J. (2)
Wood, Frank
Western, Frank
Watson, Sonny
Washburn Willie
Yates, Benj.
Zittella, Thos.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, July 22d, '72.

To begin with, there is not a particle of truth in the absurd rumor that the Stokes jurymen are to be taken on a tour through the country for public exhibition, by one of our shrewdest showmen. To be sure there are worse curiosities than some of these jurors toted around as a show, but then there is something rare about the other things that we don't find in the jury chaps; for New York jurors are pretty much of a kind—some of them being sadly deficient in intellect, while others exhibit a stupidity and perverseness seldom found outside of the mule persuasion. Our readers, therefore, will pay no heed to the false rumors current about the martyred Stokes jurymen.....Oh, yes, it's so: the "Black Crook," reconstructed, rejuvenated, with fresh and rosy *corysphees* and resplendent dancers of high degree is to start on a traveling circuit early in September, under the management of Thomas B. MacDonough, and what Mac dunno about spectacles of this sort is not worth knowing. As long as the world shall last, all that's beautiful in the female face and form divine will be associated, dramatically, with the diabolical "Black Crook," which seems destined to enjoy a new lease of life with the season soon to commence. When heavy tragedy palls upon the appetite the glories of the "Crook" will revive the beholder like he had taken a comfortable sherry cobbler; and when you have grown rich and rare over sentimental stuff of an incongruous nature, a dose or two of "Black Crook" will sooth you to rest just as if a pretty girl had rocked you to sleep as you pillowed your throbbing head upon her palpitating breast. So straighten yourselves up for the coming "Crook." [We intended to say something right funny about this thing, but we've forgotten it, as you will perceive—Ed.].....A grand Greeley clam bake will shortly take place at Coney Island, if the clams, under the influence of the Internationals, don't strike—at which Horace Greeley will dance a highland fling, and sing that screaming comic song, "The Woodpecker Tapping." Gen. Grant has been invited to join the services, and if the Indian or some other great race doesn't claim his attention he will be present, and make a speech, defining Greeley's present status. To help his old confrere Mr. Sumner will fly the wire, and do a variety of grand and lofty tumbling, to show his versatility of talent. The show promises to be one of the best displays ever seen in this vicinity, but the whole thing depends upon the clams. We will recite a few verses in honor of this noble old hard shell:—

HOW TO CATCH 'EM.

Which Have Never Before Appeared in Print.

The oyster is right good if eaten in season,
Yet, in summer, to eat it, the thing is rank treason;
But if you'd enjoy yourself, and likewise feel jam
Up, there's nothing in nature to equal the clam;
To take it with long line and hook, like a trout,
It isn't so feasible, as we have found out;
But with pickaxe and spade, as you traverse the strand,
Strike down, and deep, for the fellow you want.

We've seen some old sports, who ought to know better,
Hunt for clams away out, because it was wetter;
Likewise some others who'd bob for 'em all night,
Without even so much as getting a bite;
And some have set out to 'em with powder and ball,
Which is not a legitimate way to fish, not at all;
While others, again, have gone out in the bay,
And fruitlessly dredged for the insects all day.

But this spade is far better than all of these tools,
For this hard shell, we warn you, always travels in schools;
And when, with your spade, you get under these birds,
And raise 'em, you'll be surprised afterwards;
There's no use of baiting your shovel with cheese—
For such vile decoctions clams don't care a sneeze;
And now having told you how best for to catch 'em,
Strike home, and dig deep, and then you will fetch 'em.

.....Some people affect to believe that nigger minstrels are light in their feet and light-headed because they have *corn souls*? But "some people" are never happy unless they're mailing their fellow creatures lies.....Somebody says that Patrick Gilmore, inventor of jubilees, is sick. This does not surprise us if, as the Boston *Post* asserts, $150,000 is the sum sunk in the mammoth free and easy. Many a man gets sick over less than that.....And talking of the jubilee, doesn't it seem a little queer that the "Emperor's Cornet Quartette" should be in so many places at the same time? or has the noble William's four in hand been duplicated since their arrival here? You know that nothing is impossible with Americans. The other foreign musicians are also slashing around as if they liked it. Strauss, before he sailed for home, had a grand piano presented to him by an entirely disinterested and unknown piano manufacturer, and Johann puffs up the instrument as if he had served a regular apprenticeship on one of our morning papers.....Our Jim," on being told that dead heads were best preserved in spirits, remarked that he always thought that they were kept best in newspaper offices.....Posters on the dead walls and live fences publicly assert that since their return from England the Lydia Thompson troupe have been engaged in "Robin' Hood," but this is, doubtless, a false-hood.....The actor who "brought down the house" has, very properly, been ordered to "set 'em up again."....The Buffalo bill posters must not be confounded with the Buffalo Bill immortalized by Ned Buntline. It is best that each party should stick to his own row.....Wm. B. Freligh, manager of the Old Bowery, returns thanks to those ladies and gentlemen who volunteered for his late benefit. We make special reference to this fact because it is something out of the usual order of things, and implies that gratitude is not yet defunct within the human breast.....Harry Cunningham threatens to leave for Ireland shortly, to study the language and customs of the country. What useless extravagance; those things can be just as well studied in this city as in Ireland. Save your money, Henery, and take up your res. in the dear old Sixth Ward.....We are up to all emergencies in Chicago, and we take pleasure in referring Roosevelt street there as a safe harbor, where you can promote the real, living fun of all shapes and sizes. Burglars give this place a wide berth, and professional suicides prefer adulterated strychnine to absinthe, any day.....Our New York contemporaries are doing much good out in the western country, where tea is drawing like a cart horse, and causing tears of joy to appear where only sorrow grew before. Colfax Tony has tents to hard that he was obliged to remain over another week to hit 'em again.

LINES ABOUT ANTHONY.

Oh, he made 'em laugh as they had never been wrote before,
And he filled the house chock full up to the door,
And old and young laughed as they never laughed before:
All is well, all is well.

For he showed 'em Ella Wesner, quondo,
And Lydia Dodd, who's famous in a jig,
And up to Kimball Kaige, the happy Wag;
All is well, all is well.

And he turned up Pontiasbleu, who lots of things can do,
And pretty Jennie Engel, surpassing whom there's few,
And when on full most every one's delighted to view:
All is well, all is well.

There was Dodd, and O'Reardon, pretty boy,
The Harrison and Hart, their mother's joy,
Carter, Manning and Girard, pure, without alloy,
All is well, all is well.

And then came Wise, who fore the house to please,
Did carry a Lot along the march (and a true one),
Miracle, at last, as the money box he seized—
All is well, all is well.

.....This is a good season for traveling troupes to go to the north pole, but some of them object to pay a pole tax, although they admit that it's an ice place to visit in hot weather.....The boys of the show profession are taking things easy and comfortable like. A few, while looking ahead, are laying in provisions for a rainy day, but the most of them are laying in their little beds.....Daly, who has been studying neighbor Greeley's "What I Know About Farming," expects to show the "King Carrot" as one of the results of his husbandry. We trust that Farmer Daly has learned enough to prevent his "Carrot" from turning out a squash. [These little bits of pleasantry are entirely harmless, and will do you good if taken in small doses.—Ed.].....Why don't the theatres give us the "Streets of New York," with the terrible snow scene? There has been no snow seen since last April, and this is the season when it would meet with a warm reception.....Since Brooklyn is termed the City of Churches owing to the large number of sacred temples within its precincts, would it be out of order to call its minstrel organization the "Hooley Alliance?".....A young man of nineteen, whose parents have luckily died and left him in full possession of an ample fortune, writes to ask us if we could instruct him how to be a banjo player. Just to think of it: here's a youth, with health, strength, and plenty of money, and yet his ambition is to learn how to play the banjo. Now if this malicious young man were to stay a person in cold blood (which is hard to do in this hot weather), he wouldn't have any difficulty in proving his insanity, would he? We have to deal with some curious freaks of nature in our editorial occupation. .....We are pretty well exhausted, and will wind up this interesting and side splitting introductory by telling you a little story:—

Once on a time the notion seized Artemus Ward to deliver a lecture upon that familiar topic, the Babes in the Wood. Now it was well understood that nothing new could be said upon that subject, so everybody laughed when he read the advertisement, and everybody "flocked" (as though the originator thought life a sheep-track), to hear the funny things A. Ward might have to say. He didn't *pull the wool* over their eyes though, because every one knew that the mere announcement meant something funny and he would get his money's worth. Just about that time a new light made his appearance in the lecture field. He was full of talent, and was, moreover, terribly in earnest. His subject was Moses in the Bullrushes. A good audience attended. They listened in apathetic silence to the eloquent peroration, and the lecturer had "got off" several of his best points, yet nothing seemed able to melt the ice which had frozen that cold, unsympathizing audience to the marrow. Of a sudden a new idea beamed upon him. Bursting into a laugh, half at some happy thought, he said:—"I am about to propound what the profane would call a 'conundrum.' Why was Moses like a modern professional gamester? Of course you give it up. The answer is, because he was indebted to *Pharoah* for his livelihood." A thunderous round of applause echoed throughout the building. Any quantity of puns, amusing stories and ridiculous allusions followed, until the applause seemed continuous, but at every utterance of the words, "to return to our subject," back they all shrank into their former taciturnity. But the lecturer had struck the popular vein, and fame and fortune were the sudden consequence. This is true, every word of it, and we don't hear that Moses ever got out of *those* bullrushes, either.

City Summary.

Miss Charlotte Thompson, a daughter of the late Lysander Thompson, is to commence an engagement at the Olympic Theatre July 29th, in a new society play by Dumas *fils*, entitled "One Wife," in which has been especially adapted for her by Mr. Cazauran.

The "Red Pocket Book" is to be produced at the Olympic Theatre on Sept. 2d. Mr. Joseph Proctor has also arranged for its production at the Boston Theatre, Boston, Mass., about the same time; also, at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., early in October, and is rapidly closing time for it in all the principal theatres of the country.

The Misses Betty and Emily Rigl, *danseuses*, advertise that they can be engaged for the coming season.

Miss Jenny Hughes, the beautiful and accomplished serio-comic vocalist, has returned from her European trip.

At Wallack's Theatre the "Long Strike" was revived on Monday evening, July 15th, and was acted with the same cast with which it was recently performed. It ran during the entire week, but failed to attract a large attendance. This evening, July 22d, Miss Lydia Thompson and her reconstructed burlesque company are to commence an engagement acting in "Robin Hood."

J. Z. Little commenced an engagement at the Bowery Theatre on Monday evening, July 15th, when was produced, for the first time, his own sensational drama, in five acts, entitled "Woman's Will." We imagine it an old drama with the scene of action changed, and the dialogue partially re-written. It is moderately effective, but lacks conciseness of action and perspicuity of plot. Some of the characters are found in places which it is impossible to reconcile with the positions in which they had previously been seen. For example, some American ladies, residing in a foreign land, who have been rescued from the tyranny of an unjust guardian by an American sailor, are seen, at the termination of an act, in an open boat, at sea, manned by a crew from an American man-of-war going to that ship which is to bear them to America, and they are found, in a subsequent act, prisoners of brigands, and no explanation of their changed positions is afforded by the dialogue. The chief points of the plot are as follows:—Two travelers, George Vandorn and Richard Howard by name, are shipwrecked off the coast of Sicily. Upon being taken to a dwelling near the shore, it is found that Howard has sustained little or no injury, but that Vandorn will never recover his reason; and if he lives, the attending physician asserts, "he will be an idiot for life." There is between these two men a wonderful physical and facial resemblance, so strong that the physician believes them to be brothers. Howard, whom we are to infer is a scoundrel, suddenly resolves to assume the name of Vandorn and return to his family as their son leaving Vandorn in the physician's charge, as Richard Howard, and he bribes the former to keep his secret. He returns to the home of Vandorn and is welcomed by Mr. Vandorn, as his son. He wins the love of Blanche, a ward of Vandorn's, and obtains his father's consent to their marriage, and this false position is maintained by him until near the close of the drama, when the true son and heir appears, which places Howard in a proper light. The underplot consists simply of the persistent efforts of Deveroux Power to marry his ward, Rose Elsohn, who despises him, and the foiling of his plots to get her in his power, by a stage sailor and an Irishman. J. Z. Little acted both the characters of George Vandorn and Richard Howard quite effectively. W. H. Whalley, who had been re-engaged, acted the sailor, Harry Turret, in a manner that gained him much applause, although the language assigned him was bombastic. P. Connolly acted Arthur Vandorn with intelligence. Chas. F. Seabert, who made his first appearance (on July 15th, gave an excellent impersonation of the part of guardian, Deveroux Power. Miss Millie Sackett and Geo. France, in the respective characters of Jenny and Dennis, kept the audience in the best of humor by the exercise of their comic abilities. Miss Polly Booth as the persecuted ward, Rose Elsohn, acted quietly and naturally. Miss E. Oliver deserves praise for her impersonation of Blanche, and the few minor characters were acceptably performed. The drama was a precedent to the three evenings of the week by the comedietta entitled "A Wife for a Day," in which E. W. Marston acted Nathan Tucker, a stage Yankee, in an artistic and grotesque manner, and by the juggling performances of Monsieur Langloes, one of the Egyptian jugglers who had hitherto appeared at Niblo's Garden in the "Black Crook." On Saturday evening "Pizarro" was the additional attraction. This evening, July 22d, George W. Thompson and "Oofty Gooft" (Gus. Phillips), commence an engagement acting in a new drama entitled "Faucoh."

John T. Ford, manager of the Holliday Street Theatre, and Ford's Grand Opera House, Baltimore, Md., is in town.

The company engaged to support Miss Charlotte Thompson during her engagement at the Olympic Theatre, commencing July 29th, is as follows:—L. R. Shewell, Theodore Hamilton, Vining Bowers, A. D. Bradley, George F. Browne, L. Steele, A. Piton, M'me Pontal, Lizzie Price, Nina Varian, Minnie Monk, E. V. Proudioot and Nellie Jones.

Manager Stevens, of the western circuit, left town on July 20th, to rusticate for a couple of weeks on the eastern shore of Maryland. He can be addressed as per card in another column.

Marius Turck commenced an engagement at Tony Pastor's on July 15th, acting the character of John Drummond in "Blow for Blow," which was repeated on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, together with the drama entitled "Turpin and King," in which Mr. Turck acted Dick Turpin. Of the character of John Drummond he appeared to have an erroneous conception, yet in the acting thereof he evinced the possession of considerable dramatic ability, though crude, which, when fully matured, and developed by assiduous study and practice, will undoubtedly give him a prominent position among dramatic artists. Nellie Meeker's impersonation of the dual characters of Mildred Craddock and Alice Petheric deserves high praise, being natural, vigorous and effective. The remaining characters were fairly acted, but call for no especial comment. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, "Enoch Arden" and "Robert Emmett" constituted the attractions. A fair summer business was done during the week.

Mr. Alexander Henderson advertises in a London, Eng., theatrical newspaper that he will, in conjunction with Samuel Colville, assume the management of the Olympic Theatre, commencing early in August. It has generally been supposed that Messrs. Hayes and Colville were to be the managers.

Chiarini's Circus, including the company, live stock and paraphernalia, arrived from Havana, Cuba, during the past week. G. F. Orrin, late of that company, has decided to remain some time longer in Cuba, having been offered inducements to perform in the interior towns with his family.

M'me Peschka-Leutner, assisted by an orchestra under the direction of Carl Bergmann, and J. H. Bonawitz, pianist, gave concerts at the Academy of Music on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings. The attendance upon the opening night, owing to the rain, was not large, but a marked improvement was visible on the subsequent evenings.

The band of the Kaiser Franz Grenadier Guards, No. 2, H. Saro leader, is announced to give a concert at Terrace Garden on Tuesday evening, July 23d, for the benefit of the German Landwehr Verein, of New York.

The ladies and gentlemen engaged for the Grand Opera House and Fifth Avenue Theatre are requested, through a card elsewhere, to communicate with Mr. Daly at once.

John A. Ellsler, Jr., manager of the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., and the Pittsburgh, Pa., Opera House, is in town. He controls nearly all the places of amusement in the latter city, holding leases of the Fifth Avenue Opera House, which he has sub-let for a variety theatre, and the Academy of Music, in which he will play combinations and other entertainments that give a complete performance.

Billy Shephard, Ethiopian comedian and banjo performer, died at Fort Washington July 8th, and was buried at Woodlawn Cemetery on Wednesday, July 10th, by the B. P. O. of Elks. The members of the order who attended the funeral were Henry P. O'Neil, Claude Gaide, John P. Smith, Charley White, Hen Mason, Robert Martin, Thomas Gaynor, George Green and Johnny Queen. He died of quick consumption, and for some time past had been afflicted with a loss of voice. We believe he went on the minstrel stage in San Francisco, Cal., where he became very popular. He had performed with many prominent companies, and had visited England, where he played in London, with Moore and Burgess Minstrels. His last appearance in public was at the 34th Street Theatre in this city. He had married one of the Chinetop sisters, whom he left, with one child, to mourn his demise.

Charley White's new hall, by which name the premises recently occupied by the San Francisco Minstrels at No. 585 Broadway will henceforth be known, is now undergoing extensive alterations, and being thoroughly remodeled. It will, when completed, present the appearance of a new theatre, and be re-opened about the middle of August, under the proprietorship of the veteran minstrel performer, Charley White.

All communications for Wash Norton can be addressed as per advertisement.

A varied performance was given during the past week at the Olympic Theatre, an entire change in the bill having been made on July 15th. The evening's entertainment commenced with "1,000 Millinery," in which G. B. Bishop acted Joe Baggs and Miss Vandenpants. He is a comedian of merit, producing his effects in an easy, natural manner. During the time that he was on the stage the audience was almost convulsed with laughter, and his make-up for the female character was excellent. M. A. Kennedy evinced the possession of considerable ability by his acting of Tom Tipton. Julian Cross in the brief part of Mr. Singleton was satisfactory, and Mrs. Susan Flood deserves a word of praise for her *outre* make-up and correct acting of Angelica Todd. After the conclusion of the farce Ling Look appeared, and taking from a brazier filled with live coals, a small ladle filled with some burning substance, he conveyed with a fork a piece of blazing compound to his mouth and apparently swallowed them. After a brief pause clouds of smoke profusely mingled with sparks were seen issuing from his mouth, and this portion of the performance was longer continued than we have hitherto ever seen it. He then proceeded to draw from his mouth small strips of parti-colored theme paper which accumulated in a large mass upon the stage. Taking this in his hands he rent it in several parts and from the interior of one part he extracted numerous small bouquets, which he threw with dexterous skill to various parts of the auditorium. Still holding the mass of paper in his hand, he approached a table and applied it to a candle, when a small taper was seen burning in its midst, taking hold of which he pulled it forth, and there appeared a large black candlestick, which he raised in the air to the height of some eight feet. All of these feats were accomplished whilst the performer stood in the centre of the stage with his face to the audience, and with no object within reaching distance. Although the feats were by no means novel, they were better performed than we have hitherto seen them. Yamadiva, the "Man Serpent," then performed various feats of contortion, which by far exceeded any of the kind yet given here. His form is lithe and supple to a wonderful degree. It would be futile to attempt to describe upon paper the various positions into which his body was placed, yet, when we say that it would be an easy matter for him to part his back hair with his feet, some faint idea thereof may be formed. The Moe brothers, whose performances we have often reviewed, then gave an exhibition in the use of parlor skates. Miss Martha Wren and James Collins performed the musical sketch called "Barney's Courtship," which met with much favor. Ling Look then re-appeared, and, placing an egg in his mouth, swallowed it, placed a lighted candle in front of his open mouth so that the audience could see that the egg was not there, and then by muscular contraction forced the egg from his throat and took it from his mouth. He then took a sword and inserted the blade down his throat to a considerable distance; then a sword blade, which he affixed to the butt end of a musket, inserted the blade in his throat, and, while in that position, fired the musket. Although this performance may be termed wonderful, it was not pleasing to gaze upon. The entertainments closed with what was intended to be the marked feature—"The Lulu Sensation"—which did not prove successful. A *trapeze* was suspended over the centre of the stage, from which Leopold hung suspended by the knee joints. Directly beneath him, upon a small trap, stood Geraldine, who was suddenly lifted into the air and caught the extended hands of Leopold. They then gave a brief *trapeze* performance. On Wednesday afternoon and Friday evening, Geraldine failed to catch the hands of Leopold, and fell with considerable violence to the stage. Some six persons held a large piece of canvas, which was to be placed beneath the *trapeze*, but owing to the necessity of having the trap directly thereunder, the canvas could not be placed in position until after Geraldine had been thrown upon it. The idea was an imitation of an act performed by a *trapeze* performer now in London, Eng., called Lolo, and is not like the act performed by Lulu, which latter may be described as follows:—A small platform is suspended from the roof of the theatre over the centre of the stage, and at great height. Lulu stands close to the footlights, and is propelled suddenly in a direction corresponding to an arc of a circle, and alights upon the platform. Passing for a moment Lulu then springs in the air, turns a triple somersault and alights in a net suspended beneath. Lulu is a boy attired in female costume, an apprentice of Farini's, a gymnast of repute, and is said to be a native of Utica, N. Y. He is now performing in Germany, where he is said to receive $1,000 per week for his services. In the act, as performed here, there is little possibility of accident, as the distance is accurately calculated, and he alights upon a stationary platform, whereas in the feat performed by Geraldine it is quite uncertain, as the slightest movement of the *trapeze* or the hands of the performer suspended thereon, or upon her own part, will cause her to miss catching the proper support, as she is shot upward so quickly that it is necessary for the spectator to fix his eyes upon her form and not remove his gaze until the act is concluded to witness the feat. Owing to injuries received from her fall on Friday night, Geraldine did not appear either at the *matinee* or evening performance of Saturday. She is announced to continue during the present week, however. This evening, July 22d, Albert W. Aiken commences an engagement, acting in his own drama, entitled the "Witches of New York."

Harry Seymour commenced an engagement at Wood's Museum on July 15th, and acted throughout the week at both matinee performances and in his own dramatic adaptation of "Notre Dame," which had the advantage of good scenic embellishment and rich costumes. The arrangement of the incidents of the novel in dramatic form was not in all respects satisfactory, and Mr. Seymour's make-up for Quasimodo was too exaggerated, being in fact more appropriate for burlesque than drama. It was, as a whole, fairly acted and attracted as good an attendance as might be expected at the present season. The impersonations of Claude Frollo by T. W. Keene, Esmeralda by Jennie Carroll, and Fleur de Lys by Jennie Arnot, were meritorious and the most conspicuous. Nothing need be said of the other characters, more than that their representatives exerted themselves to appear at their best. This evening, July 22d, Baker and Farron, performers who have achieved some reputation in variety halls, will make their first appearance on the dramatic stage in this city and will act prominent characters in a new drama entitled "Chris and Lena; or, German Life on the Upper Mississippi." On July 29th, F. S. Chanfrau will commence an engagement, acting in "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler."

Signor Velarde, some years since a great favorite as a dancer in this city, arrived from Cuba during the past week.

Managers desiring to arrange dates with the English Comic Opera Company, which will start out from this city under the management of John Templeton, are referred to that gentleman's card elsewhere.

Tony Denier leaves on July 24th for San Francisco, Cal., where he commences an extended engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre on August 10th, playing in "Humpty Dumpty." He will take with him Miss Linda de Rhona for Columbine, A. W. Maffin for Harlequin, Joseph M. Sloan for Pantaloon, and his trick elephant.

Col. T. A. Brown, dramatic agent, 718 Broadway, has several plays for disposal, as will be seen by his cards in another column. He is also prepared to negotiate engagements. Mr. Brown is also prepared to appear in his drama "I. O. U.; or, the Way of the Wicked," and for Emil Eisman, leader of orchestra.

Mrs. Sarah Wheatley died in this city on Thursday morning, July 18th, in the 85th year of her age. She was the daughter of Lieut. Ross, of the British army, and was born in Nova Scotia A. D. 1788. After her father's demise, she, in company with her mother, came to this city and attempted stage-playing, but met with slight success. She made her first appearance at the Grove Theatre, located in Bedlow street (a part of Madison street lying east of Catherine), during the month of December, 1804. The following season, 1805-6, we find her enrolled as a member of the company at the Park Theatre, making her first appearance on November 20th, 1805, as Kitty Sprightly, in "All the World's a Stage." During that season she was married to Mr. Frederick Wheatley, some time between January 20th, 1806, and February 7th of that year, as on the latter day she played Dorothy in the "Wanderer," then acted for the first time, and was announced as Mrs. Wheatley, late Miss Ross. She retired from the stage at the close of that season, but appeared in 1811 at the Park Theatre, where we find her cast on Jan. 1st for Mme. Perouse in a pantomimic drama entitled "*La Perouse*," which was then first acted. She then gave little promise of the future excellence by which she obtained celebrity and fortune. Assiduous study and practice, closely allied with fidelity to nature, at length attained for her the position she attained at. In her impersonations of comic, middle-aged, or old women of every grade, either refined or vulgar, she stood without a rival upon the American stage. She possessed an agreeable face and person, which, combined with artistic taste, good sense and excellent discrimination of character, raised her to the exalted position she occupied. As the exercise of her professional talents, she had acquired a competency and her daughters having been somely settled in marriage, she, on Jan. 2d, 1843, bade farewell to the stage she had so long graced, and retired to the sanctuary of domestic life. The performances of that evening consisted of Buckstone's drama of "Peter Bell," "Bombastes Furioso," "My Fellow Clerk," and the "Pickwickians." She so firmly kept her resolution of retirement that she declined an offer of $1,000 for a single night's performance. Her husband, Frederick Wheatley, died at Philadelphia, Pa., in 1836, while there on a professional visit with his daughter Emma. Of her children three achieved eminence in the dramatic profession; George, William, Wheatley, made his *debut* at the Park Theatre, Oct. 13th, 1824, when a mere youth, acting Albert in "William Tell," Macready acting the title *role*, and whose subsequent career is well known, he having been one of the most finished comedians on the stage. Miss Julia Wheatley, the eldest daughter, made her *debut* also at the Park Theatre, when but six years of age, on Sept. 14th, 1825, dancing a *pas seul*. It was afterwards discovered that she possessed a rich and powerful singing voice, which was carefully cultivated, and on May 6th, 1833, at the age of fourteen, she made her musical *debut* at the Park, singing Semira, in "Artaxerxes," with success. In 1835-6 she was engaged as a contralto with an Italian opera company singing at the Opera House, in Church street, and June 1st, 1840, she married E. H. Miller, a wealthy gentleman of this city, and retired into private life. Miss Emma Wheatley made her first appearance at the Park Theatre, Sept. 26th, 1826, acting one of the children in the "Children in the Wood." She continued playing small parts until in 1832, while playing Arthur in "King John," she attracted the attention of Fanny Kemble, the Constance of the evening, who encouraged her by her advice, and ere she had attained her thirteenth year she acted Julia in the "Hunchback," for her mother's benefit, on June 26th, 1834, with triumphant success. She soon afterwards appeared in other leading parts and more than confirmed the good impression she had created. She played the opposite parts to Sheridan Knowles and the elder Vandenhoff, on their first visits to this country. On Sept. 9th she married Mr. James Mason, a son of the president of the Chemical Bank, who purchased for them a rural residence and made them a liberal allowance. Upon the death of Mr. Mason, Sr., a will was produced which gave her husband a trifling annuity and bequeathed his large fortune to other heirs. Mr. James Mason, to contest this will, devoted his time and means, and Mrs. Mason returned to the stage, re-appearing, after nine years absence, at the Park Theatre, on January 11th, 1847, in the character of Juliet. In the spring of that year she acted a second engagement, which terminated on June 4th with a complimentary benefit tendered her by some of the oldest and most aristocratic families of the city. She acted Julia in the "Hunchback," which was her last appearance on the stage. Mr. Mason was eventually declared to be entitled to an equal share of his father's estate and came into possession of a handsome fortune, but an insidious disease which had long preyed in secret upon Mrs. Mason terminated her existence on July 16th, 1854, at the age of 72 years. Mrs. Wheatley's funeral took place on Saturday morning, July 20th, from the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Edmund H. Miller, the husband of her daughter Julia.

Martin and Bella Golden, two dramatic artists of high repute in the western cities, arrived in town during the past week. They are under engagement to Augustin Daly for the coming season.

J. Holmes Grover arrived from England this morning, July 22d.

M'me Peschka Leutner sailed for Europe, July 20th

Ada Harland will travel during the coming season under the management of A. Roig, and "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl," "Hearts" and "The Boy Detective" will be included in her *repertoire*, Mr. Roig having purchased the right to produce the latter play of Thos. R. MacDonough. Managers desiring to secure Miss Harland can address as per advertisement.

The ladies and gentlemen engaged for the Lingard Comedy Company are requested, through a card elsewhere, to meet at the Olympic Theatre for rehearsal on Aug. 8th, preparatory to the opening on the 12th.

At the Union Square Theatre the Vokes Family are announced to appear this week in "Bells of the Kitchen," which will be proceeded by the comedietta, "Kind to a Fault," by the company.

Philip Warren, for many years treasurer of several of our first class theatres, died on July 12th. He was a son of William Warren of the firm of Warren & Wood, managers of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa. We believe he never appeared upon the stage, but was well known to the past generation of theatre goers for his urbanity in supplying them the necessary tickets for admission. He was the treasurer of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for many years, when under the management of Francis Courtney Wemyss; also held a similar position for a long time at the old Broadway Theatre under the management of the Messrs. Marshall. On February 12th, 1852, he married Georgiana Barrett, a daughter of "Gentleman" George. The last situation he held, we believe, was at the new Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., when under the management of Mr. William Wheatley.

E. Eddy, one of the most popular actors that ever performed on the east side of the city, is to commence an engagement of six nights at Tony Pastor's this evening, July 22d.

Dramatic.

Roland Reed, comedian, who was engaged during the past season at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., has been engaged for the first low comedy at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La. He is a desc

Opera Co., Memphis, Tenn., and Washington, D. C. The principal artists are the Misses Sallie and Julia Hotman, Messrs. Joseph Brandini and William Peakes. Full particulars may be found in another column.

Variety Halls.

PERFORMERS of ability are wanted for Cavanagh's Variety Theatre, Scranton, Pa., which will be opened for the fall and winter season on Aug. 19th. Address as per advertisement.

E. D. DAVIES, ventriloquist, and Sargent, Illusionist, can be addressed through their agents, Messrs. Canning and Lowell.

AT THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, St. Joseph, Mo., at our latest advices, the following performers constituted the chief attraction:—Ed. Murray, comic singer; John and Blanche Nichols, double clog, also song and dance; May de Forest, serio-comic; the La Monte brothers, acrobats; E. F. Barnes, Joe Purdy, Johnny Pierce, Susie Willis and Blanche Forrester.

HELMER'S GREAT SENSATION SHOW is traveling in the north-western part of New York state, and performing under canvas with reported good success. The company is as follows:—Volna, contortionist and Dutch comedian; D. S. Helmer, humorist, composer and comic vocalist; Belle Monzert, jig dancer and serio-comic vocalist; Miss Whippie, Lew Monzert, Dan. Collins, George Volaire, Frank Whipple, J. Place and George Stevens.

THE WALNUT ST. THEATRE, Kansas City, Mo., since the advent of Mr. Oscar Willis as its stage manager, has been doing a fine business, says our correspondent, writing on the 16th inst., adding that "The departures since my last have been Johnny Nichols, *La Belle* Blanche, the Barlow Bros., who go to Pittsburgh, and Lalu Matese, goes to the Metropolitan Theatre, St. Joseph, Mo., for a two weeks' engagement. The new faces are Nellie Edwards, serio-comic vocalist; Harry Hart, in ebony comedy; Chas. Lloyd, in an *ezpore* of the Davenport Brothers. The Dolly Varden Female Minstrels have been presented during the past week, and will continue one week more. Gussie Lamereaux, in her 'Telegraphic Transformations,' is still here, and is well received, as is Johnny Bartley, in a tambourine solo. J. W. Berkely, as Old Black Joe

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

FOR THEATRICAL, or other Advertisements coming under the head of AMUSEMENTS, 40cts per line for each and every insertion.
FOR MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS, twenty cents per line for each and every insertion.
FOR NOTICES—To be incorporated in our News Departments—such as extracts from other papers, etc., thirty cents per line, the usual number will be inserted more than once.
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ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned. FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER,
Corner Centre and Leonard streets, New York.

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MINSTRELS,
AT THE CLOSE
OF
THEIR BRILLIANT SEASON
IN THIS CITY,
WILL VISIT
BALTIMORE, PHILADELPHIA AND WASHINGTON,
RE-OPENING HERE ABOUT AUG. 1st,
FOR
THE FALL AND WINTER SEASON,
WITH THE LARGEST
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MOST EXPENSIVE
TROUPE
EVER ORGANIZED.
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WANTED, FOR THE OPENING, FULL BALLET TROUPE, lady vocalists, both sentimental and comic dancenes (the above must be good dressers), Ethiopian comedians, song and dance men, and every description of variety talent.
ARTISTS, BOTH MALE AND FEMALE, WITH NEW SENSATION SPECIALITIES,
TREATED WITH ON THE MOST LIBERAL TERMS.
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in the new drama by the successful dramatist,
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suggested from life in California in '49 described
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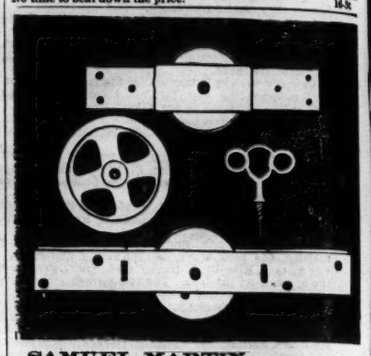

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